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Vol. CCIV, No. 2656
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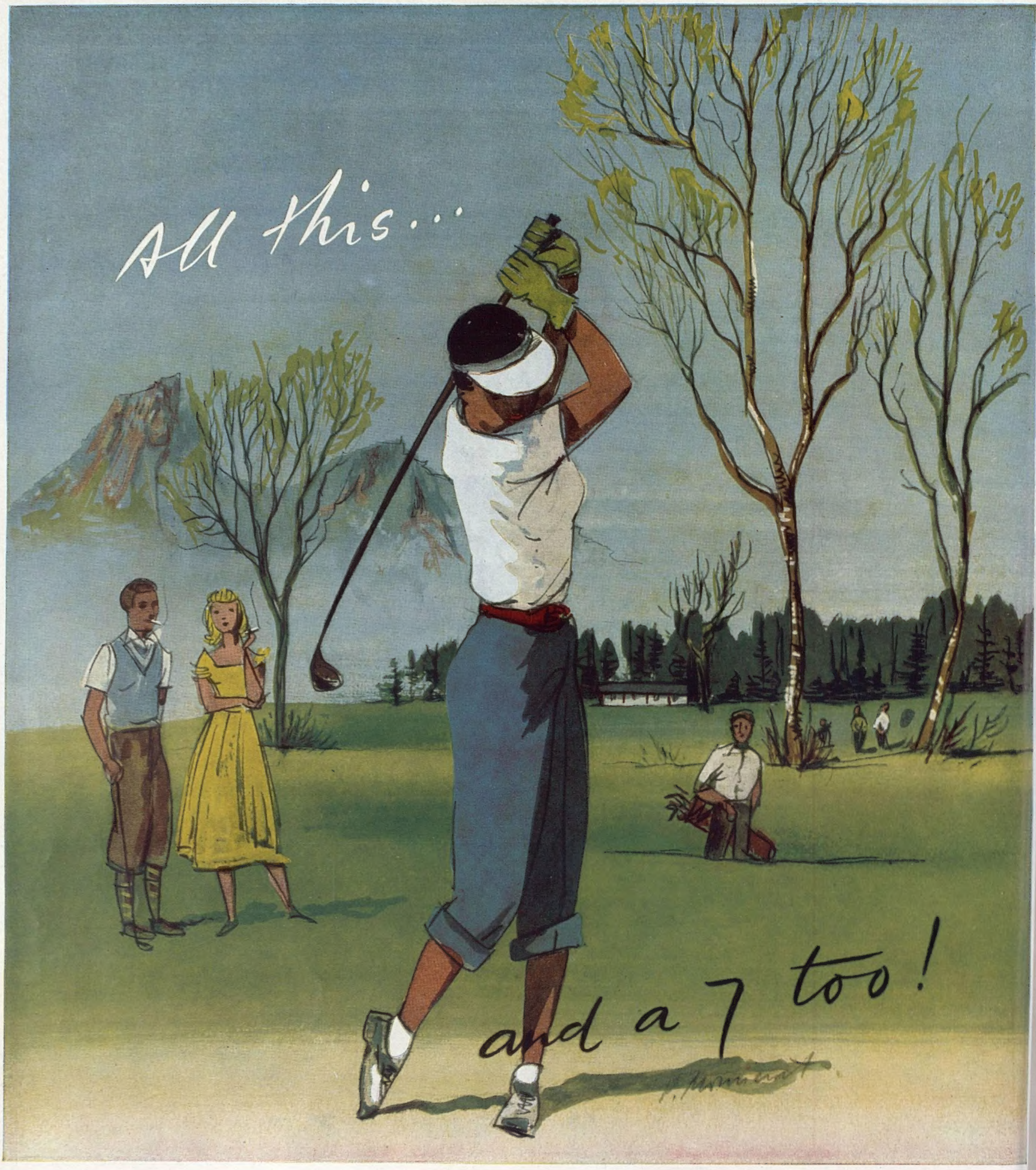

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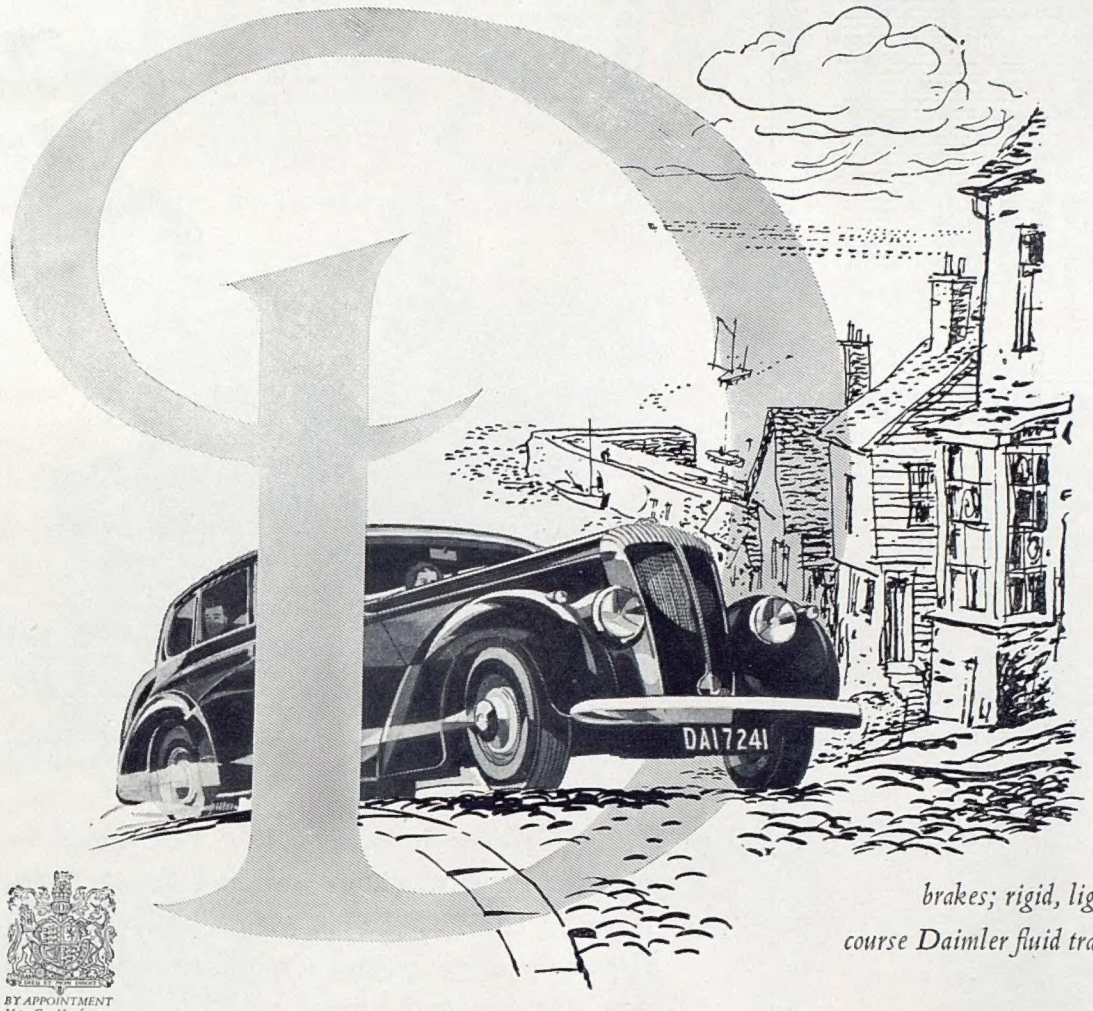

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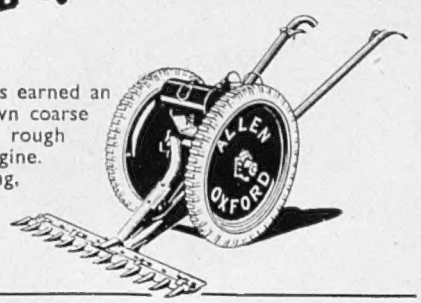

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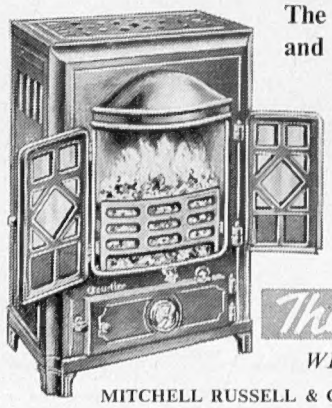

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Volume CCIV No. 2656 The SPHERE, London, January 6, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A GERMAN PRINCE "INVADES" HELIGOLAND—PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOWENSTEIN (LEFT), A PROMINENT RIGHT-WING LEADER IN GERMANY, SEEN WITH HIS COLLEAGUES AS THEY RAISED A CROSS ON THE BOMB-SCARRED PLATEAU OF THE FORMER FORTRESS: They have "invaded" Heligoland in protest against its use by the British as a bombing-ground, and the Prince and his party are living in an anti-aircraft tower, which is seen in the background.

Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, British High Commissioner, has issued an order making it illegal for Germans to land on Heligoland, the now-dismantled fortress at the mouth of the Elbe. Defying the order are Prince Hubertus Zu Lowenstein and his political associates, a Bremen taxi-driver, a labourer, a student, and some former Heligolanders, who claim that this piece of German soil is being misused as a bombing-ground. At the time of writing the Prince and his colleagues are ensconced in a half-dismantled flak tower, and they are doing their cooking over an improvised stove, the mass of debris on the island providing a plentiful supply of fuel. Ever since 1890, when Heligoland was ceded to Germany by Britain, it has been in the forefront of world news. In the First World War it bristled with guns, and in the Second World War it bristled with U-boat pens. It was in April 1947 that the teeth of the fortress were drawn "once and for all" when a Royal Naval firing ship, standing nine miles out to sea, touched off by radio the fuses linked up with 6,700 tons of high-explosive stacked in the fourteen miles of tunnel with which Heligoland was honeycombed. To-day Heligoland and its famed harbour are a mass of debris. (Further pictures of Prince Lowenstein's invasion are shown on page 5 of this issue.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Drawing Out.—The shortest day has come and gone. The optimist, if he be a master of the trite and obvious, tells his neighbour that "the days are drawing out." It is a false dawn, because another month of winter must pass before we notice any activity or improvement in the realms of light. Life is short. Here on earth, at any rate, according to my present belief, we only have one, and it seems curious that so many old men will rub their hands and chuckle at the passing of one more of a few remaining milestones. It might suggest that they do not find "life is sweet, brother," and the suggestion is not in all seasons and conditions ridiculous. Politically, economically, socially, atmospherically, the shortest days were darkish days in the year 1950. Hang me, if I can remember a darker series. Slush and fog, worry and shivers, doubts and fears, malice and hatred, rumours and Jeremiads. Certainly, we had these extra enemies to combat in wartime but we were better armed. We were protected with the armour of the spirit which wars engender and foster pro tem. Our peacetime armour is of shoddier material; like my roof, it will hardly protect me against thawing snow. More light! It is the heart cry since Adam of all humanity, wise or foolish. It is quite natural to be glad that the days are drawing out. They need to. We could do with a few snowdrops and other little heralds of better days ahead.

A Serious Headline.—On the eve of Christmas *The Times* had the headline: TURKEY READY TO PLAY HER PART. *The Times* headlines are very seldom misleading. This one for a moment misled me. The reference was not to poultry but to politics. The headline drew attention to a serious subject. Istambul followed the Brussels conversations with anxiety and considered that sufficient progress had at last been made to justify Turkey's contribution to the defence of Europe by contact with the Mediterranean section of the Atlantic Powers. Greece was not less encouraged by progress made at Brussels—the first sentence in the first chapter of translating European words into actions, in a very important book. Action is represented by the name of Eisenhower. But the book is not yet in the form of a sketch, let alone a rough draft. Subscribers are by no means sure that the author is sound, and there is no agreement about the subject matter. Is war or diplomacy the theme? Is "diplomacy through strength" a policy which at a vital time appears to defer all efforts to seek agreement with the East? And is it too late already? There are those (not fools) who think it is not too late; who believe that Russia dreads world-war even more than does America, and that China is not anxious to be drawn in as a Russian catspaw to wage world, or semi-world, war. As 1951 dawns, the Western world is newly-geared for an all-out drive to increase armaments. It will be costly and may be very dangerous economically. Yet somehow, we get the idea that until the West is adequately armed for defence, no more efforts of diplomacy will be very seriously embarked on. I wonder whether if every nation in the Western bloc spared one of its greatest statesmen or soldiers to a roving mission of peace and conciliation (but not appeasement), in lieu of war-stock piling, something might not still be done to avoid the ruinous consequences on which the world is embarked.

Atomic Diplomacy.—In the days when great Powers sent out a diplomatic protest with a "gunboat" tied to the tail, "diplomacy through strength" worked very well on the whole. When father said "turn," all the small fry obeyed. It doesn't work out that way now. Some of the small fry, not asleep in the big bed, demand beds of their own, and the nursery discusses the rights of small nations. Diplomacy through strength has come to mean the failure of diplomacy, the very converse of diplomacy. Russia has the battalion strength, and her methods of diplomacy over the last decade would not be recognised or vaguely identifiable as such by pre-war statesmen of any country. America has the atomic bomb strength, and from the day when the filthy thing was dropped on Hiroshima, it has bedevilled her statesmanship and blunted her diplomacy. Just now a rumour runs through that volatile land (and, of course, travels swiftly across to us) that, after all, Russia hasn't yet got the bomb. The explosions heard were not atomic; Russia is still guessing. This is, I think, an evil rumour. I am not convinced that hitherto the authentic possession of the secret and the stock-pile has not proved a greater curse to the hopes of peace and the security of Western democracy than a blessing. Certainly the possession of the atom bomb delayed the reasonable precaution of man-power and general rearmament for Western defence—a measure of common sense—far too long. And it was absurd that it should have done so, since atomic and hydrogen bombs are but one item in the dreadful armoury of all-out war and, for all we know, by *comparison* a not wholly effective item. Its possession has done more evil still. In the bad old days, caution, restraint, courtesy and compromise were the weapons of diplomacy by which the weak sought to answer the argument of the gunboat. And sometimes they were effective. Even to-day a soft answer turneth away wrath, and gentleness is still a civilising influence. Mr. Churchill is sure that the atom bomb is the best shot left in the bare locker of the West. He is more often right than wrong. Yet even a Homer has been known to nod.

Stone of Destiny.—I suppose that nothing is safe to-day against the experts in larceny. I should have supposed that Jacob's pillow, Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny, of Tara, of Dunstaffnage, of Scone and of Westminster was safe enough in the Abbey in its wooden frame. But no; it is gone, though I expect it will come back. What was the motive? Suspicion at once fastened on some rabid Scottish Nationalists, who perhaps wish to crown a king of their own. Was it retaliation for a theft? That theft occurred six and a half centuries ago and might well have been forgotten and forgiven by now. If six centuries of possession do not give a title, then indeed nothing is safe. Was some Colonel Blood on the war-path, or a mere practical joker? The stone is not an easy article to pass to a "fence" for value. The superstitious, who rely on the Pyramids and so on, will shake their heads over the future of the Monarchy and declare that the loss of the Stone of Destiny is a bull point for Republicans, if any exist. For my part, I shall not add this worry to my list. I expect the stone to be returned. The only danger lies in magnifying the silly adventure into a State treason. A queer sort of Christmas gesture, but there are a lot of queer folk in our midst and they hang like millstones round the necks of decent citizens. If the Duke of Montrose was accurately quoted in *The Times*, he also indulged in a Christmas gesture surprising in a senior Member of the Upper House. "I do not regret it," he said. He appears to regard sacrilege and robbery as justifiable means to an end which he has at heart. Certainly our moral standards are falling. Stands Scotland where she did?

THIRTEENTH IN SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE—THE FAMILY GROUP AFTER THE CHRISTENING AT HAREWOOD PARISH CHURCH, YORKSHIRE, OF HENRY GEORGE LASCELLES, SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD: In the front row the Princess Royal is seated with the baby, with the Countess of Harewood and Mrs. Stein (the Countess's mother) on her left hand. Standing are, left to right, Mr. Stein (father of the Countess of Harewood), the Earl of Harewood, Mr. Benjamin Britten, the composer, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood. The godparents of the child are Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth, Viscountess Boyne, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, Mr. Stein and Mr. Britten.

Capital Fun.—I spent some of the Christmas holiday correcting galley proofs of a book. It is always an uncomfortable business contemplating one's "hand of write" or typescript translated into print. The "fine writing" passages look shabby or bogus, and the printer's reader, with his eagle eye for bad grammar, slips, bad spelling, repetitions and *non-sequiturs*, proves to me once more (if proof were needed) how far better educated and equipped he is than most authors for the writing of decent prose. On this occasion (and they have been all too many) a new and frightful difficulty stands like a colossus in my path, and even the printer's wizard cannot solve it for me. There has recently appeared in the Press a little symposium on the rules for the use of capital letters. It has proved that those rules are like snakes in Ireland: *there aren't any*. No writer, living or dead, has ever been consistent. No master has given a lead. Now, in the above sentences I find that, apart from the first words of sentences, only one single word starts with a capital letter—the word "Press." Why? Why not "press." One writes: axe, spade, institution, office. When does a word qualify like a personal name or title for a capital? The symposium in the Press (or press) revealed the fog which invests the right use of capitals in such words as socialism, conservatives, civil service, premier, primate, king. "The plumber arrived at the house"—nothing contentious in that. "The King opened Parliament"—what rules direct me to use two capitals in the latter sentence? There is nothing incorrect in the work of the Masters in such a sentence as "in the parliaments of the nations" or "the defence of the realm." But (without any exactly defined rule) I should be inclined to write "the United Kingdom." Clearly, says you "The United Kingdom" is as proper a name as "England" or "Mr. Attlee." Very well, but what about the Civil Service? In the galleys now discomforting me, I am planning (in default of any definitive rules) to reduce capitals to the barest minimum. I shall write: "Sir (I would prefer sir) Stafford Cripps was recently chancellor of the exchequer in the socialist government." But it's not going to be easy to attain consistency.

Cold Comfort.—The coldest December since memory (which is short) ran, brings sharply to mind one or two brutal old maxims. For example, *You can't eat your cake and have it*, or *A mickle that 's guid is aye mair than a muckle o' shoddy*. (The last is my own invention translated from commonly accepted precept into bad Scots.) The winter lies ahead still, and for my part I have eaten my cake or coke. I shall get no more, and what I have eaten I could not digest, nor could my miserable little stoves which died under the filth. I had eaten my ration of anthracite so-called, that compound of shale, chalk and slate, and my allocation of patent cement balls coloured black, and all the seasoned wood which this once wooded area can afford me. Luckily, I lie outside the area of nationalised electricity and gas, and shall not enjoy their sudden surprise-packets as a result of dependence on the mains. But it 's not a cheerful prospect in a rambling and draughty country house. I believe people somehow cook in hay-boxes, and I am toying with plans for the hay-panelling of living rooms and for hay-padded garments and boots. But even the hay is not what it was in the bad old days when competition kept suppliers and middlemen on their toes. We live in a cold and dreary world.

THE OLD STAGER

THE "INVADERS" OF HELIGOLAND

PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOWENSTEIN AND HIS PARTY WHO HAVE SET UP A CAMP ON THE ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE ELBE

FLAGS ARE UNFURLED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE OLD FLAK TOWER: Prince Hubertus Zu Lowenstein (second from left) and his supporters on the summit of their headquarters on the island of Heligoland, where they are camping in protest against the continued use of the island as a bombing practice ground. At the top of the mast is the European flag and below it the flag of Heligoland.

A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE FLAK TOWER ON HELIGOLAND: Herr Beyersdorff, a reporter (seated in centre in background) with the invaders of Heligoland, who gathered round the table to tell him their story and the reasons for their occupation of the island. Reading clockwise from the right of the table are: Horst Dreyer, Bremen taxi-driver, Hans Christians, Heinrich Luhrs, an old Heligolander, Baron George von Hatzfield, a student, reporter Beyersdorff, and Prince Hubertus Zu Lowenstein.

TIDYING UP THE ISLAND CEMETERY: Prince Lowenstein, Emil Moller and Horst Dreyer, three of the invaders, replacing a cross and a tombstone which had been overturned by the blast of bombing. The cross marks the grave of Ernst Diedrich, who died in 1945 shortly before the island was evacuated. Diedrich's son-in-law, Hans Richartz, is a member of the invading party occupying the flak tower.

INSPECTING THE RATION STORE: Heinrich Luhrs, a former Heligoland fisherman, who acts as chief cook to the party of invaders.

The invasion of Heligoland by Prince Lowenstein and his party once again draws attention to an island which has never for long been out of the news since 1890, when it was ceded by Britain to Germany. It was then that Imperial Germany received a fortress of vital potentialities and Britain lost a strategic point at the mouth of the Elbe. In the First World War Heligoland bristled with guns and, under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was compelled to dismantle the whole fortress. Under the Nazis, Heligoland was of even greater importance, possessing massive U-boat pens, 14 miles of ammunition storage tunnels, and big artillery emplacements. Although an aerodrome was laid out, the prevailing winds limited the island's usefulness as an air base, and it had to depend for defence on the fighter stations situated on Borkum and Sylt. Even so, however, Heligoland was a major base for sea and air minelayers. Numerous Allied attacks in 1943 and 1944 led to the Germans removing the civil population from Heligoland. It was a wise move for, in April 1945, came the obliterating 1,000-bomber raid in which the upper part of the island was pitted from end to end with bomb craters. After the Second World War Britain did not leave Heligoland's disarmament to the Germans, and the wholesale demolitions by a Royal Naval party in 1947, planned on a most elaborate scale, were calculated to leave nothing for a third World War.

In A.D. 800 Heligoland had a coastline of 120 miles, but in the course of centuries erosion has reduced it to rather less than three miles. From time to time artificial cliffs have been constructed, and the area of the island has been in part maintained by dredging the Elbe and depositing on Heligoland the material so obtained.

THE THEFT OF THE STONE OF SCONE

POLICE DRAG THE SERPENTINE FOR THE CELEBRATED CORONATION STONE

THE CORONATION CHAIR AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BENEATH WHICH RESTED THE HISTORIC STONE OF SCONE : An official of the Abbey is seen pointing to the box-like space occupied by the stone before it was torn out by the thieves, probably after the last service in the Abbey on Christmas Eve. It was after the discovery of the theft that Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster, made the broadcast in which he said he would go to the ends of the earth to recover the stone. Immediately a nationwide search for the stone was instituted, the police directing their attention particularly to the Serpentine in Hyde Park and to the Thames estuary.

PLACING TRIANGULAR LIFTING PLATES UNDER THE STONE : Thames police engaged in the preliminary task of lifting the stone which they discovered beneath the Serpentine Bridge, but which did not prove to be the missing Stone of Destiny.

SCONE PALACE, PERTHSHIRE, WHICH NOW STANDS ON THE SITE OF SCONE ABBEY, THE ONE-TIME SCOTTISH HOME OF THE CORONATION STONE : The Abbey was destroyed in 1559 and the present palace, begun by the Earl of Gowrie, was rebuilt at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Scone was at one time the Pictish capital and the place of Coronation of the Scottish Kings between 1153 and 1488.

PROBING THE DEPTHS OF THE SERPENTINE : Using a steel tube and wooden probes police are seen at work beneath the Serpentine Bridge, when they made an exhaustive search for the missing Stone of Destiny, which they had reason to believe had been dumped in Hyde Park's lake.

MORE TREASURE TROVE FROM THE SERPENTINE : Police with the safe which they brought to the surface during their investigation of the depths. A large crowd of onlookers gathered while the operations were going on, as it was rumoured that the famous stone had been found.

Legend identifies the Stone of Scone with Jacob's Pillow, the Sacred Stone of Ireland and the Chair of St. Columba, but all that can be said with certainty is that it was regarded as sacred as far back as the thirteenth century. The Scottish chronicler John de Fordun left an account of the coronation of Alexander III upon the Stone of Scone in 1249, and it is also known that the stone was used at the coronation of the great John Baliol. After its seizure by the English the stone was used at every Abbey coronation, and the only times it left the Abbey were for safe-keeping in Gloucester during the First World War and at the time of the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector.

Since the discovery of the loss of the stone at Christmas, the search has ranged far and wide, and in England, at any rate, the public has been divided into two well-defined camps on the issue. One element has spoken of the theft as sacrilege, and the other has tended to approach the matter more lightheartedly. From the outset it was believed that Scottish Nationalists were associated with the theft, and this view was strengthened when, amid a pile of letters in the offices of the *Scottish Daily Record* in Glasgow, there was found a letter to the editor containing a petition to the King. The writers of the petition claimed that they had removed the Stone of Scone and they laid down conditions under which it should be returned to official keeping, one of them being that the stone should be retained in Scotland.

POLICE GUARD THE OTHER CORONATION STONE—THE SAXON RELIC AT KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, SURREY : The stone was first guarded by the police in March of last year, as a suggestion was then made that an attempt might be made to steal it as a ransom for the Stone of Scone. The Saxon Stone is a relic of the Coronation of the Saxon Kings, which took place in St. Mary's, Kingston. The chapel fell down in 1730 and the stone now stands in the Market-place.

DANCING AND BEGGING THEIR WAY THROUGH INDIA—REFUGEES FROM COMMUNIST-INVADED TIBET DANCE IN THE STREETS OF NEW DELHI : The refugees had trekked from Western Tibet away from the Communist invaders. During the long trek they had been dancing in the streets for alms.

TIBETAN REFUGEES DANCE THEIR WAY THROUGH INDIA

The Trek from the Communist Invaders, and the Quest for Daily Bread

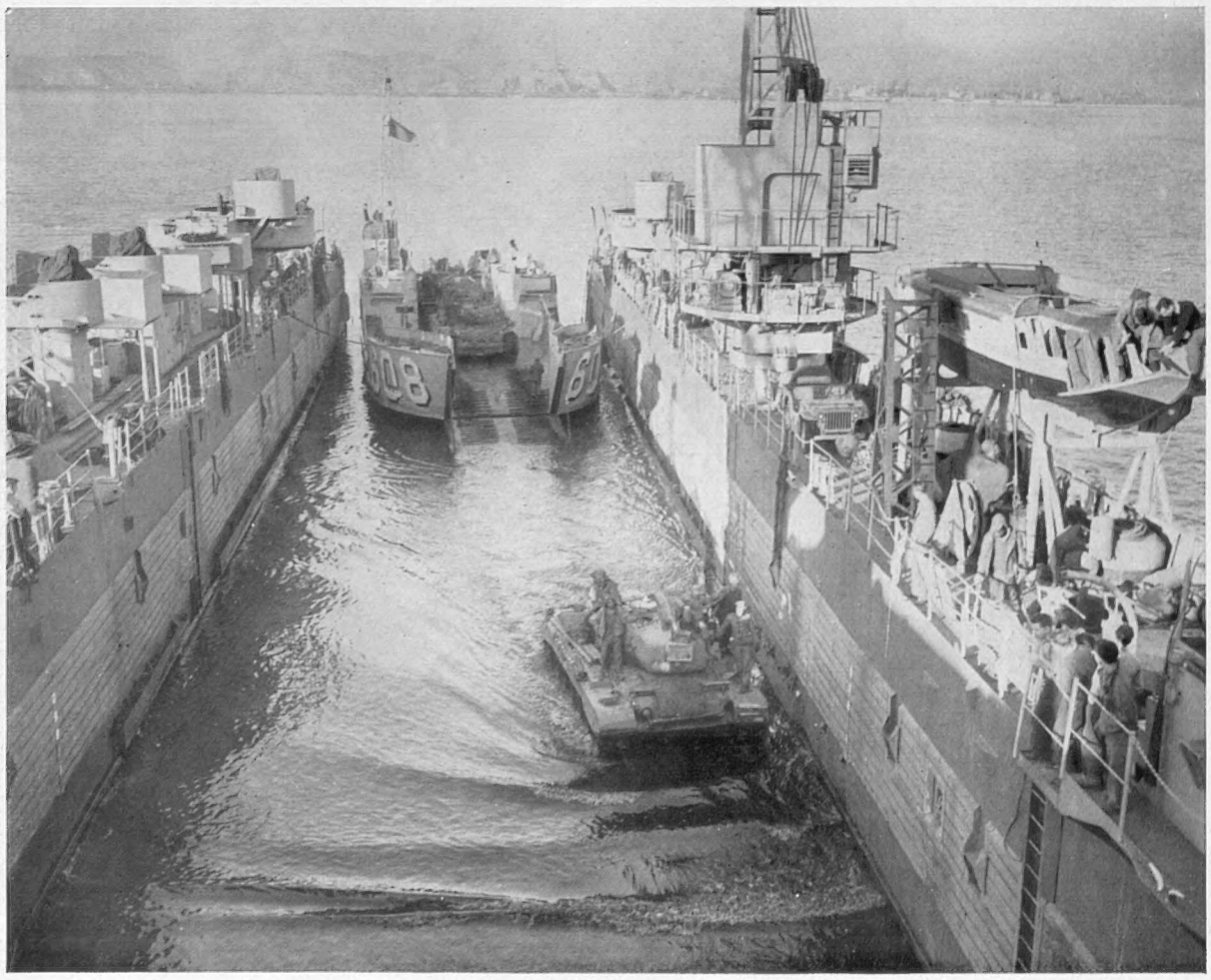
Reports from India have stated that the sixteen-year-old Dalai Lama has at last decided to leave his sequestered Himalayan State for sanctuary in India. These reports followed on the development of the new Chinese Communist drive on Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. India has already received many refugees from the war in Tibet. In New Delhi groups of refugees beg alms by performing dances in the streets. They first squat at street-corners and sing tribal songs to attract attention and then place their superfluous garments in the centre and dance round.

THE LEADER OF A GROUP OF REFUGEES : He is ringed by members of his band as he performs a "Dervish"-style dance. The refugees are now a common sight in the Indian city.

A GROUP OF TIBETAN REFUGEES AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN NEW DELHI : An Indian Government spokesman has said that such groups are few and far between, and have not caused any concern.

ONE OF THE MORE FORTUNATE OF THE TIBETAN REFUGEES IN NEW DELHI—THAT IS, UNTIL HER STOCK RUNS OUT : This woman refugee from the Communist invasion sells Tibetan curios from a roadside stand in New Delhi. She has been lucky to have had an ample supply of curios.

BACK TO THE PORT OF PUSAN : American M 26 tanks seen being unloaded at Pusan at the south-eastern tip of Korea after they had been brought out successfully from the Hungnam beachhead. Within a few days of this picture being taken the tanks were ready to roll into action once again, but this time from the southern side of the 38th Parallel. The 10th Corps, to which they belong, now passes under the command of the Eighth Army. In north-east Korea it fought as an independent force.



KOREAN BEACHHEAD TANKS RETURN TO BATTLE

How the 10th Corps Saved Its Fighting Vehicles

Naval Task Force 77, of the United Nations Forces, manded by Rear-Admiral E. C. Ewen, bea December 12, 1950, and completed on Christmas Ev historic evacuation on a gigantic scale, bringing fro Hungnam beachhead, on the east coast of Northern K 400,000 tons of supplies and equipment, 17,500 ve vehicles and about 100,000 men. The men belong the 10th Corps of the United Nations forces, under the mand of Major-General Edward M. Almond, and the involved were the United States 1st Marine Divisio 3rd and 7th Infantry Divisions, the South Korean C and 3rd Divisions, and a Puerto Rican Battalion. One hu and ninety-three ships took part in the evacuation, and in in the task force were units of the British Navy.

As the beachhead narrowed in size and the rear prepared for their last stand, the vanguard of the evacu came south by sea to the port of Pusan, at the south-e tip of Korea, and to Pohang. The Marines were thus pu where they landed originally in Korea last summer, and re-forming, men and vehicles were then rushed north t new battle area on the 38th Parallel. At the time of w the 10th Corps is pouring back into the fighting line, re join with the rest of the Eighth Army in repelling the C

This latest Dunkirk is being hailed in the United as a truly miraculous salvation, for it was expected that in the beachhead would be staggeringly high. As thing turned out the greater part of the battle-tried 10th lives to fight another day. This was not the evacua a pitiful force of defeated and disarmed troops, b redeployment of a strong, solid and still-equipped army.

***On left*—THE LAST STAGES OF THE EVACUATIO HUNGNAM : Tanks being unloaded fro L.S.U. (Landing Ship Utility) into an L.S.D. (L Ship Dock) during the now historic evac of the 10th Corps from the Hungnam beach**

THE WAY TO PRISON IN SEOUL: Alleged Communist underground workers tied together, and with straw masks over their faces, as they were led back to gaol [illegible]. The masks are worn to avoid identification by fellow-citizens. There have been many protests about the way the trials of some of these prisoners have been conducted, and wholesale shootings are said to have taken place in Seoul police barracks.

[illegible]un, Minister of Justice in the Republic of Korea, [illegible]clared that "some persons have been under the [illegible]ion that there have been casual and illegal executions [illegible]nd he has been at pains to vindicate his department [illegible]nt attacks. The United Nations Commission for [illegible]n and Rehabilitation of Korea has been far from [illegible]h the situation, however, and the South Korean Government has now accepted the Commission's recommendations for the mitigation of death sentences and other punishments of convicted collaborators. The new policy has already been put into effect by President Syngman Rhee, and the closest watch is being kept by members of the Commission to see that there are no atrocities. "In the future all executions will be carried out individually and not in groups of persons," runs a Korean Government statement. Before an execution is carried out, the statement continues, the family of the person concerned will be informed and will be allowed to claim the body. In addition to the present normal procedure of having the public procurator and a doctor present at each execution, a prisoner will be permitted to see a clergyman of his choice and have him attend the execution if the prisoner desires.

DESPITE EVERYTHING SOME OF THEM CAN STILL SMILE—REFUGEE CHILDREN CLUSTERED OUTSIDE A BUILDING SOMEWHERE ON THEIR SOUTHWARD ROUTE THROUGH KOREA, WITH THE GREAT TIDE OF REFUGEES: The plight of the children has been one of the most tragic aspects of the vast refugee problem. There must be tens of thousands of homeless waifs in the peninsula to-day, wandering south with the refugee forces and suffering untold hardships amid the biting cold of the Korean winter.

BRITAIN, the COMMONWEALTH, and EUROPE

A Weighty Agenda for the Dominion Premiers

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN latterly announcing that he had invited the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan, Southern Rhodesia and Ceylon to come to London at the opening of 1951, Britain's Prime Minister said the object was to discuss "questions of common concern, including aspects of the international situation."

To his gift for the anodyne, Mr. Attlee added, by suggestion, his predilection for privacy: "There is nothing excluded, but what is discussed is a matter for the Prime Ministers themselves."

It hardly bursts the brain to conjure a dozen subjects certain of being raised in Downing Street, including the very holding of these confabulations (preserve me from writing feeble, debilitating "talks") in the existing sporadic p'raps-it 's-time-we-had-another-pow-wow manner. Has not the setting up of a regularly convening Empire Committee on Foreign Policy been discussed at successive Commonwealth conferences, and has not Mr. Attlee let his mind be known by indicating that the matter remains open for re-airing at each fresh meeting, in advance of which his Government denies that it imposes its foreign policy on other Commonwealth members?

Verily there is no lack of subjects for discussion at top Commonwealth level, but I would stick to one only, and it happens to be where the Prime Ministers left off last time.

"When the Prime Ministers last met to review the world situation in the autumn of 1948 the dangers were then most acute in Europe. The theme—in counsel with leading soldiers—was the need for close West European union. . . ."

So the *Times* the other day. The reference was to the Berlin Blockade, then at its height, yet who shall say that West Europe's peril is not greater to-day? That the United States Government has now definitely come out with Europe first, whereas in 1948 the issue was still undecided whether it should not be Asia first, seems to settle the matter.

At first taste this may be bitter on the tongue for one or two nations of the Commonwealth, especially since China got on the march. Yet what is the presiding, simple fact? I make no apology for again quoting from a leading journalistic source, this time Mr. H. V. Hodson, since become Editor of the *Sunday Times*:

"If it were a case of a straight choice between Europe and the Commonwealth overseas on the object of closer integration between this country and others, imperialist as I am I would say that the long-run decision must be for Europe. For, apart from all other ties, we cannot escape our geographical relationship with the Continent, which makes us sharers willy-nilly in the destiny of our neighbours; while it is certain that peace and prosperity for the Dominions and Colonies themselves are dependent on the peace and prosperity of Western Europe, to which this country has a vital contribution to make. Fortunately the dilemma is not so crude."

No, it is not, though British policy has done little since 1948 to demonstrate the fact.

The chief thing about this policy that has nonplussed Council of Europe representatives at Strasbourg has been the attempt to keep the Dominions in the background, out of the way, off the scene. This reached its climax when Mr. Dalton tried to prevent the Assembly from asking Dominions and Colonies of member nations to send observers to Strasbourg so as to ensure that their interests are adequately represented at Strasbourg. Why? Why did Mr. Dalton do this?

Was it to provide cover for Labour's refusal to come into closer relationship with a Western Europe smacking distastefully of Conservatism? The official British attitude has been, "We can't come closer. We have an Empire to consider, and our ties with it won't let us." But supposing this "Empire," or parts of it, were to appear at Strasbourg . . . might not those hindering ties appear in a somewhat different light?

Some of our friends and critics enquire testily if Britain's economic ties with Canada are so exclusively close, or her social and political ties with South Africa.

Of course, any exploration of Britain's current attitude to the rest of Western Europe leads one to a far more intricate pass. When I consulted my historical adviser, she went back to Henry III for her start and came down through Luther to Palmerston. However, history takes second place to-day, when our friends and critics arrive at the conclusion, as they are doing, that several in the Commonwealth have stakes and interests in Europe, hardly less strong than Britain herself.

The most obvious case is that of Canada, second in seniority in the partnership. As a leading member of the Atlantic Community and of the defence thereof, in culture and tradition, trade and politics, Canada is solidly bound to Western Europe as a whole. More than that, she is ideally placed for explaining one side of the Atlantic Community to the other—as when Mr. Lester Pearson, Minister for External Affairs, recently was at one with Europe's go-slow with the atom bomb.

Canada has a way of seeing things from the general Western European standpoint, which may not necessarily be that of the United Kingdom. Take the same Mr. Pearson. Two months ago he disclosed that he had informally counselled Britain to fall in at once with the principle behind the Schuman plan to further the integration of Western Europe.

This "wise and imaginative act of French statesmanship" was a "far-reaching plan, the importance of which was possibly greater politically than economically." It would be unwise "not to do everything to encourage the French in any proposal which may heal the age-long conflict between the French and the Teutons."

Earlier Mr. Pearson had touched on the thorny subject of national sovereignty. He looked forward to the day when the North Atlantic alliance might provide a foundation for a great economic, and, later, political commonwealth of the western world. He admitted that such a development would call for significant financial, economic and psychological adjustments among the treaty nations, but felt it should be possible to make these changes within the framework of national sovereignty, within a regional group which had broad, common interests.

In the same way as Canada in relation to the Atlantic, Australia, third in seniority in the Commonwealth partnership, can be the ideal interpreter of East and West—since, if in mind Australia is Western, in geography it is almost Asian.

Mr. Percy Spender, Minister of External Affairs, started to do this interpreting during a recent tour which took him to Geneva, Bonn, Strasbourg, Rome, Paris and The Hague before he put in in London. He was the first of his rank from the overseas Commonwealth to sample the Council of Europe. At Bonn he called for the rapid creation of a European army, and when he eventually got to London, the second of his four fundamental points ran: "The closer you can have integration of Western Europe, including Great Britain, the United States and Canada, then the better we will understand our problems."

Whether there was any connection between these Europeanised views of Australia's Foreign Minister, and the inability of Mr. Bevin to attend a reception for Mr. Spender at Australia House—a telephone message received shortly after the reception began said that Mr. Bevin had to decline as he had an appointment with his doctor—remains one of those tantalising enigmas of high politics.

At least the telephoned message was not the Wildean inability to attend "owing to a subsequent engagement."

There is no suppressing the thought that several of the Dominions have contracted some of the American way of thinking in regard to Western Europe: the single market, a strong measure of political integration, and, if it must be so, the frontier on the Elbe—provided Germany comes along. Nor would several of the Dominions find themselves in disagreement with Lord Montgomery when he declares that "military strength will not be obtained until the political association between the group of nations concerned has first been defined."

The interest which the overseas nations of the Commonwealth now take in Western Europe as a whole has been roundly testified by their appointment of ambassadors and ministers since 1945.

Here this is done mainly with an eye on emigration, there principally with an eye on trade. Or maybe it is done with an eye on both together; the main thing is that the interest and the stake exist. And I say nothing of such matters as a desire to see the Christianity of Rome prevail against Stalinism, lest by so doing I should inflame Mr. Morgan Phillips, *le Metternich de nos jours*, who takes his ethics from Methodism.

While a full customs union for Western Europe would conflict openly with Imperial Preference, a policy of moving steadily towards freer trade between the United Kingdom and the European mainland is not only consistent with preference but can work to the advantage of the overseas Commonwealth nations.

But it is when we come to emigration that the ties between the overseas nations of the Commonwealth and Europe become most apparent. Five of the eight answering Mr. Attlee's call want emigrants, and if they can't get sufficient from Britain, which they cannot under the present dispensation of full employment there, they want them from the Continent, in fact they want Continental stock to mix the breed.

People who want to keep the Dominions from Strasbourg appear to overlook the fact that the majority of these nations are depending on Europe for their population, which is tantamount to saying their futures are linked with that of Europe, since if the latter is steam-rollered by Communism, Australia, Canada, etc., will get no more emigrants, leastways no more free men and women such as made their lands and people them up to now.

Read statements like the following and see how important this emigration is: "Nothing less than the vision of a populous and powerful Australia will persuade the United States to accept Australia into full Pacific partnership, cemented by a Pacific Pact."

In advocating freer migration from Continental Europe into the Dominions, Sir Norman Angell retraces the almost unrestricted immigration into the United States between 1850 and 1910, and thinks it likely that Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could equal the American record, given their larger combined area and resources.

THE NEW ZEALAND KOREAN FORCE PREPARES TO SET SAIL IN THE LINER "ORMONDE": Troops of the 16th New Zealand Field Regiment about to go aboard the vessel at Wellington docks, where they were seen off by Mr. Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand. The New Zealand "K" force, which has undergone extensive training for its task in the far north, is under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Moodie. During the final stages of training the men received a visit at Waiourou Military Camp from Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., Governor-General of the Dominion and veteran of two world wars.

"MR. AND MRS. AUSTRALIA" IN LONDON: Mr. and Mrs. Keith Howard, who won the Australian contest for this title and are now on a six-weeks visit to London, seen making a record for broadcasting after their arrival at Grosvenor House.

THE WRECKED JEEP LYING ON THE ROAD NORTH OF SEOUL AT THE POINT WHERE IT CAME INTO COLLISION WITH A TRUCK, THE ACCIDENT RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF LIEUT.-GENERAL WALTON WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY IN KOREA : After the crash General Walker was rushed to a field hospital, two miles distant, but he died soon afterwards. His aide, Lieut.-Colonel Tyner, was injured.

A TRAGIC MOMENT FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER'S SON : Captain Sam Walker, a company commander in the 24th Division in Korea, looks on (right) as the coffin bearing the remains of General Walker is transferred at Haneda Airport, Tokyo, from a transport plane to a waiting hearse.

THE WEAPONS CARRIER WITH WHICH GENERAL WALKER'S JEEP COLLIDED : The 3-ton truck standing beside the main road after the crash. It was reported that this South Korean Army vehicle pulled up without warning in front of General Walker's jeep.

GENERAL WALTON WALKER KILLED IN KOREA

DISASTER ON THE ROAD NORTH OF SEOUL

HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS OF UNITED NATIONS COMMAND PAY TRIBUTE TO A FIGHTING GENERAL : Officers standing in a double line salute the coffin bearing the remains of General Walker at Haneda Airport, Tokyo, after the flight from Korea. As six master sergeants of the guard of honour bore the flag-covered coffin from the plane to the waiting hearse three flags were dipped in salute, those of the United States, the United Nations, and General Headquarters. All three bore black streamers. The body was taken to Yokohama, where General Walker lived before the outbreak of the Korean War, and where his widow is still living.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR AND CAPTAIN SAM WALKER STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE : The United Nations Supreme Commander and the late General Walker's soldier son salute as General Walker's coffin is landed at Haneda Airport.

Just five years after his senior commander in the Second World War, General George S. Patton, Jnr., had met his death in a road accident near Mannheim, Germany, Lieut.-General Walton Walker, commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, met his death in the same manner on a road north of Seoul. General Walker, who first gained fighting fame as one of Patton's tank commanders, was on his way, at the time of the disaster, to present a citation to the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade. At the time, the jeep was moving at about 20 m.p.h. over a wet but not icy road. By the time General Walker reached a field hospital, two miles distant from the scene of the crash, he was dead. The body was immediately flown to Tokyo, and it was later decided that the final resting-place should be Arlington National Cemetery, on the heights above Washington, D.C. (See also Foreign News Page, overleaf.)

NEW YORK HAILS A VETERAN

AND OTHER FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

INWARD BOUND FROM LIVERPOOL—"THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND" ARRIVES IN NEW YORK HARBOUR AMID THE TUMULTUOUS ACCLAIM OF WHISTLING HARBOUR CRAFT AND WITH A DISPLAY BY ONE OF THE FIRE-FLOATS: The reception for the flagship of the Canadian Pacific Fleet was in recognition of her outstanding war service and on account of the fact that this was her maiden post-war visit to New York after her conversion from a trooper. The arrival of the ship marked the return of Canadian Pacific to cruising for the first time in eleven years. The *Empress of Scotland* will make a series of seven trips to the West Indies and to South America. The first of them, a twelve-day voyage, began just before Christmas. During the war the 26,000-ton liner carried more than 292,000 persons in the Allied service, 92 per cent. of them being soldiers.

THE PASSING OF GENERAL WALTON WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY IN KOREA AND A BRILLIANT EXPONENT OF TANK WARFARE: General Walker, who was killed in a jeep accident north of Seoul when on the way to visit British units, had handled the Korean campaign since the perilous days of the Pusan bridgehead, taking charge of all ground forces under MacArthur's overall command. During the Second World War he was one of General Patton's lieutenants, commanding the 20th Corps which took part in the drive through France and Germany. His Corps crushed the fortress of Metz and forced a crossing of the Moselle in November, 1944. Early in 1945 his men crossed the Siegfried Line at Thorn and crossed the Saar to take Trier. General Walker was born in 1889 at Belton, Texas, the grandson of Confederate Army officers on both sides of the family. He was educated at Virginia Military Institute and the United States Military Academy at West Point. In the First World War he served in the Meuse-Argonne campaign, and he was with the Army of Occupation in Germany until 1919. General Walker's son, Captain Sam Simms Walker, is a company commander in the 24th Division in Korea.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL DEBUTANTE COTILLION AND CHRISTMAS BALL IN THE BALLROOM OF THE WA ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK: White-gowned debutantes holding lighted candles as they pr to participate in a programme of Christmas songs. The Debutantes Ball, one of the big events of the Christmas season in New York, is held to aid the funds of the New York Infi

FRANCISCO'S NEW FREEWAY—THE FIRST LINK IN A MASTER-PLAN FOR THE RELIEF OF TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN CALIFORNIA'S GREAT NORTHERN CITY: *Left*—This newly-taken picture shows the new elevated highway as it now appears, and the picture *on the right* shows the same area as it was in March 1949. It will be seen how the highway has been moved up the hillside, and the old main road now takes on a subsidiary role, carrying no fast traffic going out of town. The new highway is to be called the Bayshore Freeway. The latest section to be completed has cost 2,000,000 dollars and covers a distance of 1 mile and 3 furlongs. Manhattan and San Francisco, by reason of their positions, probably have the biggest traffic problems in the United States. Golden Gate Bridge and Yerba Buena Bridge have eased matters of recent years in San Francisco, but even so the southbound roads have been the scene of indescribable congestion, largely because the southern exit from the city is in part barred by San Bruno Mountain.

UMOURED ROMANCE IN "THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE": The Count and Countess of Paris seen with their daughter Princess Isabelle at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Paris newspapers have of recent weeks been hinting at the possible engagement of Princess Isabelle to the Belgian Prince Royal, and in this connection they point to the recent visit to Paris of King Leopold. The Count of Paris, representative of the House of Bourbon-Orleans, is now allowed to live in France, the Exile Law of 1886 having been repealed. The Count is a son of John, Duke of Guise, a great-great-grandson of Louis Philippe.

THE BELGIAN PRINCE ROYAL AND HIS SISTER AT THE BRUSSELS OPERA: Prince Baudouin and Princess Josephine Charlotte arriving for a performance of Carmen. Prince Baudouin, son of King Leopold, has his twenty-first birthday this year.

THE BROTHER OF THE LATE AL CAPONE TESTIFIES BEFORE A SENATE CRIME INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE: Mr. Ralph Capone giving evidence at a Chicago hearing of the Committee. Shortly after his testimony Capone was arrested and taken into custody by two city police detectives. As he left the witness stand Capone declared: "I am just a 3,000-dollar-a-year manager of a small town hotel, and I know little about the mob my brother built."

PARING FOR THE SEALING OF THE HOLY DOOR: Men engaged in fixing a marble plate above the door in St. Peter's, Rome, with an inscription commemorating the Holy Year of 1950. It stands beside the inscription commemorating the Holy Year of 1925 during the reign of Pope Pius XI. On December 26 Pope Pius XII walked through the Holy Door for the last time. He was the last person to do so, just as he had been the first to enter by the door at the start of the Holy Year. The Pope then blessed the bricks and mortar which were assembled ready, and, receiving a silver trowel from the Major Cardinal Confessor, took mortar from the tray and spread it on the threshold of the door. He then placed three gilded bricks in position. Later the massive door was sealed.

AT LONG LAST ROME'S NEW RAILWAY TERMINAL HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO COMPLETION: One of the approaches to the terminal viewed from the Essedra Fountain. It has taken twelve years of on and off construction to finish the task, which was started at the orders of Mussolini in 1938. The station lay half-built during the war years. In 1947, when work was about to be resumed, the engineers called on the architects for a new façade to eliminate all traces of the Fascist regime. Work began again in January 1949, and it was hoped that it would be finished in time for the start of the Holy Year and the arrival of the first pilgrims. A section of the station was in fact finished some time ago and put into use, but there have been constant and unexpected delays. The inauguration took place in the presence of President Einaudi and Premier de Gasperi. Among the guests were the United States Ambassador, Mr. James C. Dunn, and many members of the Diplomatic Corps.

KOREAN REFUGEES LINE THE SHORE AT HUNGNAM IN THE HOPE OF ESCAPING FROM THE KOREAN DUNKIRK AND FROM THE VENGEANCE OF THE COMMUNISTS: The Koreans started lining the shore from the moment the Dunkirk operation began, but just how many of them could be conveyed to safety remained uncertain, despite the 3rd Division Commander's assurance that he would get out all he could. In the end 80,000 Korean civilians left the port, some of them in landing-craft and some in fishing-boats. The party depicted here had brought with it vanloads of flour. They were a pitiful group, and all knew full well what would happen to them if they should fall into Communist hands.

THE KOREA
DUNKIRK

REFUGEES WHO ESCAPED
FROM HUNGNAM WITH TH
AID OF UNITED NATIONS CRA

On left—SHIPS TAKE ON STORES AND EQUIPM
THE DEEP-WATER BERTHS AT HUNGNA
the defence perimeter contracted, the shi
loaded with all speed and every effo
made to save equipment from falling i
hands of the Chinese Communists. Con
bombardment from sea and air help
hold the Chinese at bay. During one
artillery in the beachhead fired 8,500
and warships offshore fired another
Among the warships engaged was the A
largest battleship in the United Nation

THE CITY OF TANYANG IS CROWDED WITH REFUGEES FROM NORTH KOREA WHO FLOCKED INTO THE DEFENCE PERIMETER AT HUNGNAM TO ESCAPE THE CLUTCHES OF THE COMMUNISTS: Other refugees less fortunate thronged the barge seen in the foreground, intending to put out to sea whatever the consequences, and to take the chance that they might be rescued by some passing steamer. Others escaped in fishing-boats, realising that if a storm should arise their plight might well be desperate.

At 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, December 24, the last of the United Nations forces left Hungnam, and the Korean east coast port was finally evacuated after thirteen days of defence measures which had kept the perimeter intact long enough for 100,000 men and 400,000 tons of stores to be moved out. And what of the Korean civilians?

An estimated 80,000 people, carrying their possessions in pitiful bundles, moved out in landing-ships three days before zero day, Major-General Soule, the 3rd Division Commander, having guaranteed them safe conduct from the perimeter. Small landing-craft plied backwards and forwards to the ships which did not come into the dockside, even carrying sacks of flour and rice for those who had had the good fortune to rescue their staple foods.

After the last troops and civilians had been evacuated, Navy demolition teams went into action, placing dynamite packs at 20-yard intervals along the waterfront. Finally they left Hungnam a huge mushroom of smoke and fire.

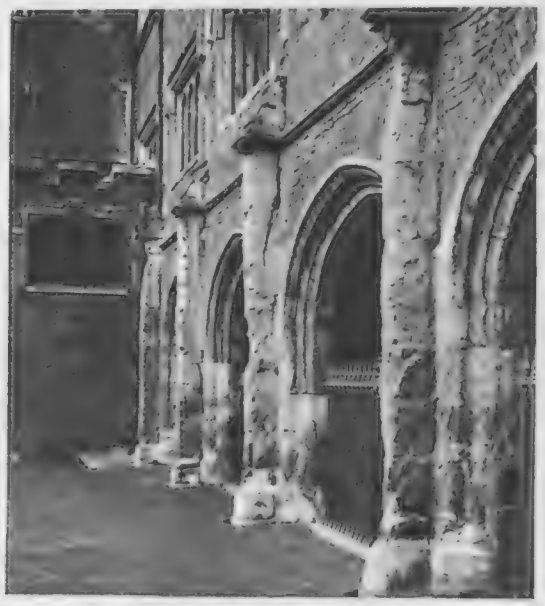
THE EVACUATION FLEET STANDS BY AT HUNGNAM—TRANSPORT AND HOSPITAL SHIPS WAITING TO TAKE OFF TROOPS, CASUALTIES AND EQUIPMENT AT THE KOREAN DUNKIRK: In the background are the hills round Hamhung, which, when this picture was taken, were already swarming with Chinese, eager to penetrate the perimeter. Heavy pounding by United Nations artillery held the attackers at bay.

ETON WANTS £1,000,000

THE COLLEGE LAUNCHES AN APPEAL FOR MODERNISING SCHOOL HOUSES AND CLASSROOMS

Eton College is suffering from structural decay. The real facts are that many of the great buildings at Eton are in urgent need of repair, largely because the programme of gradual rebuilding has been held up since 1939. The monster appeal for £1,000,000, which is to be made in the first place to the 12,000 Old Etonians, is to ensure that this rebuilding programme can go on without its enormous cost having to be met by an increase in fees. Already the average Oppidan parent has to pay about £400 a year for his son's education, and another steep rise would be, to say the least, unwelcome. To reconstruct the Science Schools will alone cost £100,000, and a new Boys' House, which before the war cost £40,000, would probably cost the same as the Science Schools now. Some of the older houses have been described as antiquated rabbit-warrens. Specialist repair work on the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century buildings is also vital, as witness some of the accompanying pictures, while a modern swimming-pool is another crying need. Eton will no doubt get her £1,000,000, but it will be a hard row, and at the host of fund-raising functions to come Old Etonians will assuredly have to dig deep into their pockets.

CARTER HOUSE, WITH DIFFERING LEVELS RESULTING FROM ODD ADDITIONS MADE FROM TIME TO TIME, MAY BE REDESIGNED AND REBUILT IF ETON SUCCEEDS IN RAISING THE MONEY REQUIRED FOR MODERNISATION: Carter House is but one part of the College in need of modernisation. The enormous cost of essential rebuilding will eat up a large part of the £1,000,000 which is now being sought by the College authorities.



CHANGE AND DECAY AMONG THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS OF "KING'S COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF ETON BESIDE WINDSOR": *Left*—The southern side of the College Chapel, where many of the stones in the buttresses need replacing. The pinnacles also require restoring. *Centre*—The west wall of the Chapel showing decomposed stonework. The window tracery has also started to decay. *Right*—Fractures and general decomposition in the stonework in the cloisters.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE COLLEGE YARD, A VIEW SHOWING THE FOUNDER'S STATUE AND LUPTON'S TOWER: Many of the Tudor-style chimneys are in need of repair. *On right*—The Cloisters, where much reparation work requires to be done. Apart from the repair of bomb damage the programme of rebuilding has been held up for ten years.

A MIGHTY PANORAMA OF PEAKS IN THE HIGHLANDS: Two small figures can be seen in the foreground, ascending one of the mountains above Crianlarich, Perthshire, and southwards Ben Lomond seems to be isolated from lower levels by the valley mist. To the right are the Luss Hills, and faintly seen, rising above the white mist line, are the peaks of Arran, over 50 miles distant. These are in the extreme right-hand corner of the picture. Such a day is ideal for the mountaineer, when the winter sun shines, the tops of the mountain rise clear above the mist and the hard, frozen snow makes walking a pleasure.

WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS

Edinburgh's Great Tunnelling Project Brought to Completion

On right—

SHAKING HANDS AT THE MOMENT OF JUNCTION: The tunnelling portion of Edinburgh Corporation's new Talla water scheme was completed when the section of the tunnel being driven from the valley of the River Fruid to Talla Reservoir, *via* the valley of the River Menzion, linked up with the completed section driven from the opposite direction. A 56-lb. charge of gelignite was fired by Mr. Robert Watson, managing-director of the contracting firm, to complete the Fruid-Menzion stretch of tunnel. The Talla-Menzion portion was completed last July. The last section of the tunnel is just under a mile long, and the complete tunnel a mile and three-quarters long. During the last year, 30,000 tons of rock have been blasted out of the hills with 33 tons of gelignite. The scheme will provide an extra 6,000,000 gallons of water daily for Edinburgh, with an ultimate potential maximum, it is hoped, of 40,000,000 gallons a day.

Mountain Rescue in the Eastern Alps

MODERN EQUIPMENT FOR BRINGING INJURED CLIMBERS TO SAFETY IN QUICK TIME

DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF THE "RUCKSACK" SEAT, A METHOD OF BRINGING THE LESS SERIOUSLY INJURED TO SAFETY AFTER AN ACCIDENT IN THE EASTERN ALPS: The rescuer, with the rescued climber on his back, is lowered by steel rope over the sheer face of a rock. Each is hooked independently to the steel rope, so that the rescuer is not burdened with additional weight. He stems himself off the wall of rock with the aid of his legs. This modern equipment is carried by the Mountain Rescue Service which has done some notable work in Austria since the Second World War. The headquarters of the Mountain Rescue Service is at Innsbruck in Tyrol.

The high-mountain-climbing season always brings its inevitable crop of accidents, and in July and August, the peak months for mountain climbing, these usually increase alarmingly. Rescue operations are carried out in the Eastern Alps, in the highlands of Austria, by the Mountain Rescue Service, which was formerly affiliated with the Alpine Club, but since the war is independent and is supported by voluntary contributions from various Alpine societies and primarily by those of the Alpine Club.

Thanks to prominent climbers and experts working with the Mountain Rescue Service, the primitive methods which up till now have been used for rescuing unlucky climbers have been replaced by a completely new procedure which makes possible speedy and effective aid.

Before this the rescuers had no other course open to them except that offered by the usual mountaineering equipment: ropes, wall-hooks, snap-rings and so on. Sometimes days passed, if weather conditions were unfavourable, before they reached the exhausted climbers on an inaccessible, high rock wall. And again days went by, till the mountaineers were saved.

With the modern steel-rope rescue device, a team of four rescuers can in one day, often in a few hours, bring safely down to the valley stranded, exhausted or severely injured climbers, even from high rock walls. The equipment is so light that the whole outfit can easily be carried by three or four men. It consists of several long, thin steel ropes, each about 250 ft. in length, wound round drums. They can carry several hundred pounds and can stand in practice any strain securely. The steel rope, fastened to the rock with wall-hooks and rope loops, runs round a little wooden drum which acts as a brake. On one side a rescuer holds the rope with his hands and gradually releases it, and on the other side a second rescuer hangs with the injured climber, with whom he slowly floats down to safety. If the 250-ft. rope comes to an end, a second rope is connected with the first by a simple coupling device.

The casualty is roped down the wall either in a kind of "rucksack" seat or in a specially constructed mountain stretcher. This rescue device, which has been developed in Austria, was recognised at an international demonstration as being by far the most suitable for the work in hand, and will in future also be used in other countries.

A RESCUE PARTY REACHES THE FOOT OF A RO FROM WHICH DISTRESS SIGNALS HAVE BE SEEN: Members of the Mountain Rescue Ser of the Eastern Alps carrying the special equ ment with which they can effect high-spe rescues. Two of the men have on their ba the light stretchers used for the severely injur

THE START OF RESCUE OPERATIONS: A wall-hook driven into the mountainside, a pulley attached and all is in readiness to pay out steel cable which will carry the injured d the mountain-face to safety. Each drum specially stout wire is about 250 ft. in len

THE WOODEN PULLEY WHICH ACTS AS A BRAKE: steel rope is wound one-and-a-half times ro the drum. Three screws on the drum as a cleat, enabling the operator to bring descent to a stop while he fixes a new le of wire or carries out some other adjustm

SERIOUSLY INJURED CLIMBER IS BROUGHT DOWN THE SHEER FACE OF A MOUNTAIN WITH THE AID OF A LIGHT MOUNTAIN STRETCHER ATTACHED TO STEEL CABLE: There are adjustable leg supports on the stretcher, thus enabling fractured legs to be placed at the necessary angle. Accompanying the casualty is a member of the Mountain Rescue Service, who pulls the stretcher towards him to prevent it knocking against the rock.

TURN TO THE VALLEY: An injured climber, having been lowered by rucksack seat down the face of the mountainside, is carried in this fashion on the last stage of the journey. Both the rucksack seat and the mountain stretcher are being adopted by rescue services in other parts of the Alps.

RESCUER AND RESCUED START THE DESCENT OVER A PIECE OF JUTTING ROCK: The rescuer works in close conjunction with a colleague, who pays out the wire. The main task is to keep the stretcher steady and to cause the injured climber as little additional pain as possible. The stretcher must, at all costs, be held away from the rock face.

ON THE LAST STAGES OF THE DESCENT THE STRETCHER IS CONVERTED INTO A CARRIAGE: A wheel with a pneumatic tyre is attached to the centre of the stretcher, and two of the rescuers push and pull the stretcher down to the valley. Rescues effected with this equipment are always much quicker than those with the old type of gear, and many casualties are saved unnecessary exposure and unnecessary additional suffering.

AMERICA STARTS A FLYING TANKER FLEET

How the New Boeing Stratofreighters are Being Equipped

On both sides of the Atlantic experiments in aerial refuelling have been going on for some years past. The pioneers of the flying petrol pump are the British firm of Flight Refuelling Limited, sponsored by Sir Alan Cobham, and later in the field have come Boeing Aircraft with methods which obviously owe much to British inventiveness, but are now being carried to new lengths. The latest idea in the U.S. forces is to build up a fleet of flying tankers which, accompanying bombers on their long-range missions, can ensure that the protective squadrons of fighters are refuelled at regular intervals. Tactically and strategically the plan has vast implications, for with such a tanker fleet, aerial missions could be accomplished half across the world. The bomber force, in addition, could carry heavier loads than ever before, being able to dispense with large quantities of small-arms ammunition, as the fighter cover would extend from start to finish of the mission.

The new prototype tanker, like the Boeing KB 29P flying boom tankers already in service, can make mid-air refuelling contacts with the Boeing B 50D Superfortress bomber. The double-deck Stratofreighters, already well known for their work as flying ambulances ferrying war wounded from the Far East to the United States, now have been made easily convertible to tankers. The first of these new Stratofreighters carries the U.S. Air Force designation KC 97A.

Operation of the fuel pumps is controlled by a special flight engineer's panel in the control cabin. The new tankers also can be used for quick transportation of fuel or other liquids to areas where critical shortages develop.

A BOEING STRATOFREIGHTER WITH THE FUEL PIPE ATTACHED TO THE TAIL FOR REFUELLING OTHER AIRCRAFT DURING FLIGHT: This new equipment makes the Stratofreighter a triple-purpose machine, as it is also a double-deck troop and cargo carrier. When refuelling is to be done, the pipe is telescoped from the tail of the tanker. The receiving plane flies in towards the rigid pipe and grips it in a fuel-tight joint. The petrol is then transferred, the exchange taking place in a matter of a few minutes. The Americans are planning a fleet of these tankers which would be of the utmost value for maintaining fighters on their long-distance missions.

THIS STREAMLINED "POD" HOUSES THE CONTROLS AND OPERATOR IN THE NEW FLIGHT REFUELLING FLEET OF STRATOFREIGHTERS: The base of the long telescopic refuelling boom is seen in the upper left-hand part of the picture. Standard Stratofreighters are already in service with the United States Air Force as long-range, high-speed heavy transports. This tanker version is now being produced in quantities and will have a marked influence on tactics.

A MOMENT BEFORE LINKING UP: This bomber pilot's eye view of the new Boeing KC 97A Stratofreighter aerial "gas station" was taken just before the long telescopic flying boom was coupled with a B 50 Superfortress while in flight. The streamlined "pod," housing the boom operator, is seen in the middle of the photograph, with the telescopic, "ruddevator"-controlled boom immediately above it. The flying boom is secured to a bracket under the tail of the KC 97 when not in use. During an aerial refuelling operation the tanker flies a straight level course while the airplane in need of fuel comes up astern and slightly below. Once in position, the receiver airplane merely maintains its station, while the tanker crew makes contact. Boeing already is producing an undisclosed number of modified KB 29P flying boom tankers for the U.S.A.F. Strategic Air Command. Conventional C 97 Stratofreighters now are in use as long-range, high-speed heavy transports for the U.S.A.F. They are in world-wide use as cargo and troop airplanes by all divisions of the Military Air Transport Service (M.A.T.S.), by the Strategic Air Command and other U.S.A.F. units.

IN THE HEIGHT OF THE NOVEMBER STORM THESE PITTSBURGH PAVEMENTS WERE KEPT CLEAR BY THE USE OF AN UNDER-THE-PAVEMENT HEATING SYSTEM: *Left*—The Duquesne Club as it appeared after the storm, in which a total of 31·3 ins. of snow fell. *Right*—The pavement in front of the Union National Bank which was similarly equipped. A hot-water solution carried through wrought-iron pipes just under the surface of the pavement does away with the necessity for snow shovels. The time will come, declares the President of the Union National Bank, when it will be unthinkable for a modern city to be crippled by a heavy fall of snow.

KEEPING THE SNOW FROM PITTSBURGH DOORS

HOW SOME BUSINESS HOUSES HAVE INSTALLED UNDER-THE-PAVEMENT HEATING SYSTEMS

IN PITTSBURGH'S MOUNT WASHINGTON DISTRICT: The pavement outside a funeral furnishers is kept clear by the silent snow shovel, the new under-pavement melting system.

A DOCTOR KEEPS HIS GARAGE APPROACH SNOW FREE: At a time when thousands of homes were snowbound, Dr. Fabian, of Bellevue, Pittsburgh, was able to get his car out at a moment's notice. He says the under-pavement system relieves him of anxiety. "I know that I won't have to dig out before answering calls," he declares.

THESE PIPES CARRY A HEATING SOLUTION OF WATER AND ANTI-FREEZE: Here they are in process of being installed beneath a Pittsburgh pavement. The 1-in. wrought-iron pipes are laid in parallel about 1 ft. apart. Gravel is placed between them so that the paving-stones can be laid flat.

They now call it the "Big Snow of 1950" in Eastern America. It was that November day when towns and cities from Ohio to Pennsylvania were immobilised, and usually bustling Pittsburgh, more than any other place, suffered from general paralysis. After 31·3 ins. of snow had fallen, factories had to be shut down, schools were closed, street cars and buses were halted, and more than 300,000 workers were idle. One or two business men in the city had prepared themselves for the emergency however, among them Mr. C. L. McCune, President of the Union National Bank, who, by using the under-paving heating system depicted on this page, not only saved money on manual removal, but kept his building accessible at all times. "The time will come," he says, "when it will be unthinkable for a modern city to be crippled by a heavy fall of snow."

Other installations in Pittsburgh now testify to the system's practicability. In 1948 the Duquesne Club ripped out its front pavement and replaced it with a suspended, reinforced concrete slab. Before the new slab was laid, workmen installed parallel lengths of 1-in. wrought-iron pipe, through which hot water could be circulated. Club manager Gurdon Flagg said: "We have here an investment that is paying for itself. It is not a luxury, any more than using electric lights instead of gas-lighting is a luxury. In fact, the practice of removing snow and ice by ordinary means is a luxury that is becoming more and more costly and more and more unnecessary."

What it adds up to is that there is now available a means of snow removal which, in the words of one Pittsburgh industrialist, "goes a long way toward paying for itself with the first heavy snowfall." It is simple to install and inexpensive to operate. When included as part of a new building programme, its cost is negligible, a fact well attested by its inclusion in many of Pittsburgh's new building projects.

Just a few years ago, there were only a half-dozen such installations in the country. To-day, every major city in the snow belt boasts of a score or more. Nor is the plan limited to pavements and driveways. Airport hangar areas have been serviced with under-pavement heating equipment, and airport engineers are now studying estimates and plans for under-runway heating devices. New York City is considering a plan to install the system at important street intersections.

AN ABORIGINAL WIDOWER WITH HIS SIX CHILDREN AND ALL HIS POSSESSIONS SETS OFF INTO THE DESERT : The killing-stick in his right hand will bring down a wallaby at 30 ya the children will help forage for other food. At night the aboriginal will build a shelter of boughs, and all will curl up in two blankets. The donkeys live off the country, so they are n way a liability. The family is typical of many in Australia's great outback, who prefer to live much as their ancestors lived and feel that they are better off away from the white m

THEY SHARE THEIR NATIVE WURLEY WITH A PACK OF MONGREL DOGS : These aborigines, who prefer the nomadic life to living in a mission station, have camels to carry their burdens, and move from hunting-ground to hunting-ground as conditions dictate. In the eyes of the nomad making a new home each night is infinitely preferable to a permanent establishment.

AUSTRALIA'S ABORIGINES KEEP MOVING

Some of the Countless Thousands Who Still Cling to the Great Outback and Avoid the Mission Stations

No one knows how many aborigines still cl their savage, primeval life in the wilds of ou Australia. There are believed to be some thou They live much as their ancestors did for co centuries before the white man came. Some h all contact with civilisation; others have been i missions or reservations, and have gone "walkab as it is termed. These pictures of Australia's va race of nomads were taken on the outer frin settlement in the Northern Territory.

The Government has confined the aborig mission stations and the more barren areas i Centre. The best productive lands and major holes have been given over to cattle. To-day, impetus is given to the aborigine's nomadic w ings by the feeling that he must get awa the monotony of missions and compounds; t needs quietude to conduct his diminishing ceremonies; that the white man and the ha treat him as a pariah.

In Australia, the white man, accustomed to to judging his fellow humans by their possession without a fair trial, relegated the aborigine position of outcast, derelict, someone hardly of consideration. But the black man can liv fatten where the white man would starve.

The aborigine would rather travel from pl place, and with a few twigs construct a new each night than saddle himself with the upkee home. He would rather do without clothe shiver once in a while than tackle the never-end of clothing himself, thus adding to the possess must carry. By developing an enormous capac food, he acquired the ability to eat one meal that carry him over days of foodless desert. The man's introduction of draught animals has im his scope to some extent. To-day he may camel or a donkey unwanted by anyone else. treat them well enough, but will readily discar to meet the needs of a sudden emergency.

A NOMAD BORN, HE WILL DIE A NOMAD : This native was never in contact long enough with the white man to learn any words of English. He can live and fatten where the white man would starve, and he is by no means the derelict which some people believe him to be.

HUSKY AND WELL FED : This aborigine lives in lush country some three hundred miles from the coast of the Northern Territory. He is an expert with spear and wommera.

A NATIVE GIRL WHO HAS LIVED THE LIFE OF THE MISSION STATIONS : She wears a cotton frock and a neat print apron. Unlike so many of her people living in the great outback, she thinks in terms of a permanent home.

THEIR ONE AMBITION, TO GET AWAY FROM THE WHITE MAN : This family, which had left the mission where they were supposed to be living and had taken to the bush, ran forward with glee when a representative of the Press appeared offering them some beef to help out their bush rations. A family which takes to the bush finds that life away from the mission at first means hardship, but the nomadic instinct keeps them going.

ONCE THE SPEAR AND THE WOMMERA SUFFICED HIM, BUT NOW THIS NOMAD IS A MAN OF PROPERTY : As the owner of a fine camel he is able to move at adequate speed from hunting-ground to hunting-ground, carrying with him his tins and cooking-pots, a few blankets, and perhaps a piece of tarpaulin for his shelter.

THE DESTROYER "DELIGHT," THE LAST OF HER TYPE, ABOUT TO ENTER THE WATER AFTER BEING LAUNCHED FROM THE FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING COMPANY'S YARDS ON THE CLYDE AT GOVAN, GLASGOW: **The ship was named by Viscountess Jowitt, wife of the Lord Chancellor.** In a speech at the luncheon which followed the launching, Admiral Sir Michael Denny, the Third Sea Lord, explained that in future the trend would be towards smaller destroyers. The *Delight*, and other members of the Daring class, he said, were comparable to the light cruiser of twenty to twenty-five years ago, and if war broke out their task would in fact be that usually assigned to units of a cruiser squadron. In destroyers, Sir Michael indicated, the Admiralty now requires something considerably smaller and with different fighting qualities. The *Delight* has an extreme length of 390 ft. and a beam of 43 ft. She will be powered by geared steam turbines of an advanced design made by the Govan firm. She is of welded construction and will mount six 4·5-in. guns in her main armament.

THE CHRISTMAS DAY PARADE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON—THE INSPECTION OF THE YEOMAN WARDERS BEFORE THE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER-AD-VINCULA: The Governor of the Tower, Colonel H. Carkeet-James, inspects the parade before the annual service. He is followed by the Chief Warder, Mr. E. N. Cook, bearing the Staff of Office.

THE LAST OF THE BIG DESTROYERS

A SIGNIFICANT GLASGOW LAUNCHING AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

LADY JOWITT NAMES THE NEW DESTROYER "DELIGHT" AT THE GOVAN YARDS: **The wife of the Lord Chancellor performing the ceremony in the presence of Lord Jowitt.**

"O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS": **Three Yeoman Warders singing during the service in the chapel. The psalm was No. 150.**

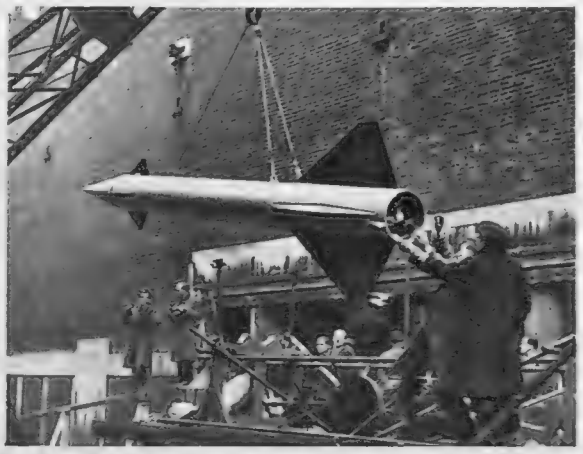
On Christmas Day in the morning the Yeoman Warders of the Tower of London attended the annual parade and service, which is known to have taken place every year for at least 300 years. Before the service in the chapel the Yeoman Warders, in full ceremonial dress, paraded outside King's House, for the inspection by the Governor. They then escorted Colonel Carkeet-James to the chapel. The service was conducted by the Rev. L. A. Porte-Payne, and, as usual, the Governor read the lesson. The chapel was decorated with white chrysanthemums for the Festival.

A CHRISTMAS EVE RESCUE FROM THE GOODWIN SANDS: *Left*—**Suitcases brought ashore by the Walmer lifeboat which rescued the crew of the 7,000-ton Italian steamer *Santa Gata*. *Right*—The Walmer lifeboat arriving at Deal with the rescued crew of thirty-one. During the rescue the bowman of the lifeboat collapsed and died.**

Three facts have puzzled Kent coastguards about the wreck of the 7,000-ton Italian steamer *Santa Gata*, which came to grief on the Goodwin Sands on Christmas Eve. The first was that no SOS was sent out until the vessel broke in half several hours after stranding. The second was that there was no reply to the all-night signal lamps made by Deal coastguards, and the third was that the vessel continued to show navigation lights after stranding. All that the captain would say after he and all his crew had been rescued was: "My ship sit; no more she break." The *Santa Gata* was bound for Leith with a cargo of phosphates picked up at Casablanca. Her port of registration was Naples.

AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET LAUNCHED "SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN": This picture, now released for the first time, shows a British model, 20 ft. long and 17 ins. in diameter, soaring from the launching platform. No details of performance are available, but during the Christmas holidays a twin rocket has been put on display in London for the benefit of young visitors to the Schoolboys Own Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall in Westminster.

A BRITISH ROCKET COMES TO TOWN: The model for display on the Ministry of Supply stand at the Schoolboys Own Exhibition seen as it was being unloaded.



THE 20-FT. ROCKET AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL: A crane handling the experimental projectile outside one of the entrances to the Schoolboys Own Exhibition.

MAKING STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS WITHOUT LEAD—FATHER CHARLES AND HIS NEW PROCESS: The Buckfast Abbey monk (right) seen at work on a leaded-glass window of the conventional type. Father Charles's new process is reputed to be the first new system for making stained-glass windows for 700 years. He uses no lead. By his process all the coloured pieces of glass are fused together into one sheet in the monk's home-made studio at the Abbey. Father Charles conceived his idea while helping to remove the famous windows of Chartres Cathedral. He was then Padre Norris of the Eighth Army. Father Charles is at present engaged on making a miniature window, not more than a foot or so across, depicting a scene of the Crib. He is to present the new-type window to the bombed Church of St. Jacques, at Rennes, France.

A NEW METHOD FOR MAKING STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS—A MONK AT BUCKFAST ABBEY DEVELOPS HIS OWN SYSTEM: Father Charles (left), assisted by Father Paulinus, fixes glass fragments into shapes for a new window.

MORE NEWS FROM THE SURREY BOROUGH OF CHEAM—THE DANGEROUS STATE OF THE OLD SHOPS AND COTTAGES AT THE BROADWAY: In last week's issue of THE SPHERE it was reported that the cottage in which the Cheam Museum is housed is fast falling into disrepair. Now Sutton and Cheam Council have been told that six cottages and shops in the Broadway, which are said to be over 400 years old, are so dilapidated that they have become dangerous. The Council say they have no desire to pull down the buildings, but that they must do so in the interest of public safety. The row of buildings contribute largely to the village's "old-world" charm.

FRENCH and ENGLISH

SOME VARIED FARE ON THE LONDON STAGE

Just before Christmas Covent Garden presented, for the first time in English, Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*. This also was only the second performance of the opera in London; the first occasion having been at the London Opera House in 1915. The opera was one of the composer's later works. *The Queen of Spades* tells the story of an infatuated young gambler, who breaks into the bedchamber of a witch-like old countess in order to extort from her some magical formula she is supposed to possess. But the gambler only succeeds in scaring her to death and in bringing down upon himself her ghastly revenge. The part of the young gambler is sung by Edgar Evans and that of the old Countess by Edith Coates. The costumes are by Oliver Messel, and the orchestra is under the direction of the guest conductor, Erick Kleibler.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN—THE REVIVAL OF "THE QUEEN OF SPADES": A scene from Act I. Left to right in front are Edgar Evans, Edith Coates, Hilda Zadek and Jess Walters.

AIMEE STUART'S NEW PLAY—"LACE ON HER PETTICOAT" AT THE AMBASSADORS: Sophie Stewart as Faith McNairn and Muriel Aked as Mrs. Oliphant in Miss Stuart's first play since *The Lady from Edinburgh*.

HOME-LIFE ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND: Sophie Stewart and Muriel Aked appear together in a scene from *Lace on Her Petticoat*. Miss Stewart's husband, Ellis Irving, plays the part of a labourer, who is also her suitor, Faith McNairn being a widow. The action of the play takes place in 1885 and deals, with saccharine sweetness, with the friendship of two children in different social strata. The friendship, however, is soon broken, as the Marchioness discovers the quite too "deplorable" contact which her daughter has made.

THE CHILDREN OF CLASS DISTINCTION: Elspeth (Eleanor McCready), milliner's daughter, and Alexandra (Perlita Neilson), Marchioness's daughter.

"POINT OF DEPARTURE" IS TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST END—KITTY BLACK'S TRANSLATION OF JEAN ANOUILH'S "EURYDICE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: The action of the play takes place in the refreshment room at a French railway station and in a bedroom in Marseilles, and the author's purpose, evidently, is to show that romantic love does not survive the test of daily life. These two pictures are of the station scenes and show *on left*, Father (Hugh Griffith), Cashier (Dorothy Blythe) and Orpheus (Dirk Bogarde). *On right*: Eurydice (Mai Zetterling), M. Henri (Stephen Murray) and Orpheus. In the modern interpretation Orpheus plays an accordion and Eurydice belongs to a touring theatrical troupe. The play was first produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

THE OLD COUNTESS WHO IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE "QUEEN OF SPADES": Edith Coates and Edgar Evans (the young man) in the bedchamber scene.

WHEN THE "QUEENS" SAIL IN

Handling Passengers at the New Southampton Terminal

With Britain's tourist industry looking forward to a greater-than-ever influx of overseas visitors for the Festival of Britain, officers of H.M. Customs at the new ocean passenger terminal at Southampton are anticipating even greater burdens than the "Queens" have brought them in the past. The trying but essential Customs examination has been brought down to a fine art at the £750,000 terminal, and the elevators, lifts and luxury lounges of the 1,300-ft. building do much to speed the transatlantic traveller on his way. The terminal has three twin sets of telescopic gangways, two luxury lounges, four escalators and twenty-one lifts. It is possible for a passenger to go from cabin to train without once coming into the open air. First-class passengers of a large ocean liner, like the *Queen Elizabeth*, are off-loaded in about seventeen minutes. Their luggage goes by escalator into the First-class Customs and Baggage Hall, and while they wait in the lounge, it is arranged in alphabetical order for examination. After Customs, the baggage passes to the waiting trains below the hall and the visitor or returning exile is speeded on his way.

AFTER THE DOCKING OF ONE OF THE "QUEENS": Passengers' baggage is prepared for examination in the First-class Customs and Baggage Hall at the Southampton terminal, which was opened by Mr. Attlee last July. While the luggage is arranged in alphabetical order the passengers wait in comfort in the lounge. Separate lifts afterwards take passengers and baggage to the waiting trains.

THE EXAMINATION IS IN FULL SWING: *Above and on right*—The Customs check in progress as passengers from one of the "Queen" liners face the experienced questioning of the Customs men. At the best of times the Customs examination is an ordeal, but now in 1951, Festival of Britain Year, Southampton plans with maximum efficiency to speed visitors on their way as they pour into Britain.

PASSENGERS ARRIVE IN THE FIRST-CLASS HALL TO FIND THEIR BAGGAGE STACKED AND AWAITING THE CUSTOMS INSPECTION: The scene looks chaotic, but it is surprising how quickly the examination is carried through at the new terminal. There is a separate hall and lounge for passengers in other classes.

THE DISPUTED CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE PLANS

Will They Or Will They Not Mar the Aspect of the Processional Way?

Carlton House Terrace, that typical adornment of Nash's London, stood forlorn and neglected after the blitz in the Second World War, when the most grievous damage was done to the famed façade. Of recent years, however, it has been resplendent in new coats of paint and the northern side of the Mall has regained much of its pristine dignity.

Now comes the news that the Foreign Office, chief tenant of the Terrace, is to enlarge its holding. Seven of the eighteen houses on the south side are already occupied by Mr. Bevin's lieutenants, and the new plan is to erect two large office blocks flanking the steps leading to the Duke of York's Column and Waterloo Place. A report of the Town Planning and Improvements Committee of Westminster City Council recently gave details of the scheme submitted by Louis de Soissons, the architect.

When the report came before Westminster City Council just before Christmas, it met with a far from favourable reception, and fears were openly expressed in Council that the scheme threatened irreparable injury to the Nash Terrace, "London's leading and only processional way." Moving the reference back, Mr. E. H. Keeling, who is a City Councillor and also Conservative M.P. for Twickenham, declared that the proposals alarmed him. "All over the world The Mall is unique," he said, "in the affections of British people because it has been the scene of great national processions. Of course, we are told that the Nash façades will be preserved. But I think the Minister, when he made that statement in the House last March, must have had his tongue in his cheek." The new Foreign Office when grafted on Nash's façade will tower above them all. Even if the new Foreign Office is invisible from the north side of The Mall, it will be conspicuous from the other side.

WATERLOO PLACE, WHERE IT HAS BEEN PROPOSED TO BUILD AN ACCESS RAMP FOR VEHICLES LEADING TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE GARAGE, WHICH WOULD BE BUILT BENEATH CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE IN CONNECTION WITH THE FOREIGN OFFICE ENLARGEMENT SCHEME: Two large buildings for the Foreign Office have been planned for each side of the Duke of York's column, which is seen on the right of the picture. It is emphasised that these will not interfere with the famous Nash façade, the entablature of which is seen in the picture below, but there are many who dispute this viewpoint, notably Mr. E. H. Keeling, M.P. for Twickenham.

REFURBISHING THE STATUE OF KING EDWARD … WATERLOO PLACE: *Above*—A workman engag… cleaning operations. *At top*—Scaffolding surro… the statue, which suffered considerable bomb d… and is now in course of repair. The statue … in the middle of Waterloo Place, and the pr… access ramp to the new Foreign Office garag… emerge in the vicinity. In the backgrou… the Athenæum, with its celebrated Greek …

THE NASH FAÇADE OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, A FEATURE THAT WILL REMAIN DESPITE THE PROPOSED NEW FOREIGN OFFICE BUILDINGS, ONE OF WHICH MAY BE ERECTED ON THE LEFT OF THIS VIEW, FLANKING THE STEPS LEADING TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN: Carlton House Terrace was built in the 1830's on the site of the celebrated Carlton House which the Earl of Burlington sold to Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III. Carlton House was pulled down in 1828, and some of the Corinthian columns in its portico were used in the new National Gallery. It was a luxurious palace, but wholly lacking in architectural distinction.

NOS. 18 TO 8, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE HAVE ALL BEEN THE WITNESS OF STIRRING EVENTS: No. 9 was for long the German Embassy, and it was there that the diplomatic drama was played out on the eve of the First World War. No. 11 was the home of Mr. Gladstone from 1849 to 1875. From the staircase of his house he frequently addressed meetings of his Liberal Party followers. Since the war seven of the eighteen houses on the south side of Carlton House Terrace have been occupied by Government departments. We learn from the pages of John Evelyn, the great diarist, that in his time the ground now covered by Carlton House Terrace was known as The Mulberry Gardens, and that "they were the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at."

A RISING STAR IN THE CRICKET FIRMAMENT: J. Burke, the young New South Wales player, who in a series of good innings this season has brought himself near to Test stardom. His 128 not out for an Australian XI against the M.C.C. was full of good things, and he rounded it off with an exhibition of abandoned freedom which delighted the Sydney crowd. He seems a certainty for the next English tour.

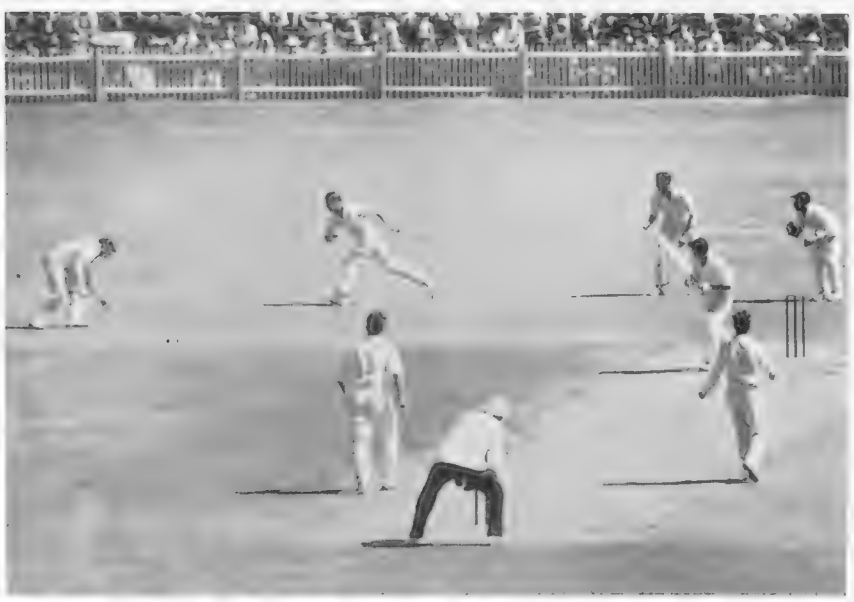
NEW PERSONALITIES EMERGE IN AUSTRALIAN CRICKET

Burke and Archer Who Have Been Facing the English Bowlers

New personalities are beginning to emerge in Australian cricket, batsmen to take the place of Bradman, Barnes and company, who brought such a multitude of runs in the '30's and added such lustre to the game; bowlers to follow on in the tradition of Grimmett, O'Reilly, Wall and Fleetwood Smith. Some of these new stars are already firm Test favourites, Miller, Morris and the dashing young Harvey, and among those who are coming along are Archer, of Queensland, and Burke, who, in playing for the young Australian XI, competed for one of the places in the Second Test. The lot fell upon Archer, perhaps the steadier performer of the two, but those who saw young Burke score his 128 noted his vast potentialities. As for Archer, one writer describing his play for Queensland against M.C.C., wrote of him as "an object of elegance amid the chaos." There could be no more apt description of this player of style and promise, who graces a mediocre State side, and he will clearly be among the runs again before this Australian summer is out and Freddie Brown and his men start packing their bags for the long trip home.

WITH AN ELEGANCE OF STYLE REMINISCENT OF THAT OTHER FINE QUEENSLANDER, W. A. BROWN: K. Archer, who gave a good performance in the Second Test Match at Melbourne, scoring 26 and 46 on a tricky wicket.

ENGLAND'S WICKET-KEEPER BEHIND THE STUMPS AND IN FRONT OF THE STUMPS: *Left*—Evans, standing well back, taking a ball from Warr, which Miller had allowed to go by. This was in the match between M.C.C. and an Australian XI. *Right*—Evans ruefully looks back at his off-stump after it had been knocked back by a ball from Walker in the same match. Evans has long been known as a reliable batsman, but on the present tour he is emerging as a brilliant stroke player.



PARKHOUSE, ONE OF ENGLAND'S NEW TEST BATSMEN, OF WHOM GREAT THINGS ARE EXPECTED BEFORE THE PRESENT AUSTRALIAN TOUR IS OVER: *Left*—Parkhouse cutting Walker during the match between M.C.C. and an Australian XI. *Right*—Parkhouse racing safely into his crease as one of the Australians attempts a run-out. Parkhouse was ill in the early stages of the present tour, but there were indications in the Second Test that he was running into his Glamorganshire form.

CURLERS IN ACTION ON STORMONT LOCH, BLAIRGOWRIE: They were taking part in the Strathmore Provincial Bonspiel on Boxing Day, when there were 168 curlers on the ice playing "The Roaring Game." The earliest curling stones were natural boulders. The stones now in use weigh 36 to 40 lb. Each player carries a broom with which he sweeps the ice in front of "lazy" stones. Of recent weeks there has been considerable outdoor play, and on Boxing Day there were particularly firm ice conditions on many of the Scottish lochs. Parts of Loch Lomond were frozen over; nearly two square miles near Balloch railway pier being frozen to about half-an-inch thick.

"THE ROARING GAME" ON A PERTHSHIRE CURLING LOCH

A BOXING DAY MEETING AT BLAIRGOWRIE

BOTH ENDS OF THE RINK: *On left*—A curler pauses before laying his stone as he listens to instructions from the other end of the rink. *Right*—A stone is swept hard as it nears the end of its run at the Strathmore Provincial Bonspiel on Stormont Loch.

TAKEN BY MOONLIGHT ON BRITAIN'S LOFTIEST PEAK: A long exposure produced this picture of moonlight on Ben Nevis. It is seldom that conditions combine to make such a study possible.

A LUNCH-HOUR INTRUDER: A young lady on skates tries her hand at curling during the mid-day break at the Strathmore Provincial Bonspiel, when the curlers temporarily abandoned their equipment and repaired to the inn.

The winter sport of curling has been practised in Scotland in one form or another for over 400 years, and during the recent Christmas period, thanks to fair ice conditions in many parts of Scotland, the curlers came out in force. These pictures were taken at the Strathmore Provincial Bonspiel, but there were many other big gatherings. The East Fife Provincial Bonspiel took place at Kilconquhar Loch, where Montrave were the winners. Cupar Province held their bonspiel on Lindores Loch, near Newburgh, where the Melville Club gained the day. Forty-six rinks from all parts of Dumfriesshire took part at Lochmaben, when Kirkmahoe, led by Colonel J. G. Crabbe, Lord Lieutenant of the County, won the Waterlow Cup. The game of curling is controlled by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. Teams have been sent from Scotland to Canada, Sweden and Switzerland, in all of which places the game is well established. Indoor curling is a well-patronised sport in Scotland.

New Lamps and Old

R.L.S. WAS CAST IN THE HEROIC MOULD

A Personal Re-assessment of the Great Novelist, Whose Centenary has Lately Been Celebrated

By JOHN GORE

R.L.S.—The centenary of R. L. Stevenson's birth demands from me a tardy notice. How could I estimate in terms of money (20s. to the £ in 1900; 8s. 6d. to-day) the value of the pleasure which his books and essays gave me in youth? By no means. I admit that one should not be estopped on any account in middle age from re-estimating and criticising the work of an author who provided him with undiluted, unquestioned delight and admiration in callow youth. If that principle of "gentlemanly conduct" were accepted, there would be no final verdict on authorship and no fair criticism worth the name. We should be estopped—almost all of us who were boys in 1900—from pointing out some of the delicious absurdities of Dr. Watson and the still more remarkable absurdities of his creator. And that would be deplorable. Desmond MacCarthy in his centenary appreciation of R.L.S. has almost invited us to compare these two.

Yet between Stevenson and Doyle what a gulf yawns! The gulf between creative genius and patient copying, between wit and a sense of the ridiculous, between perfection of style and facile journalism, between the Master and the Journeyman. Each added fictional characters to the English dictionary and the roll of English worthies (as did Shakespeare and Dickens); but they forced their men into those niches by very different use of very different talents. There sometimes appears to be an excuse for comparison in the *White Company* and the *Black Arrow*, novels of the same genre, neither deserving of serious approbation. But in truth Stevenson rose to heights which Doyle's feet and climbing-irons could not have attempted. And I think that, in the last seventy years, one of our national masters has had less than justice done to him.

In his lifetime Stevenson was not a best-seller; he had a brief roar of fame after his untimely death, and, in the course of the long wave of modern debunking, he has not emerged unscathed nor received full justice. For, if judged by his novels alone, he was infinitely more than a Doyle or a Buchan. He was a master of language.

A Master of Words and Atmosphere.—As a historical novelist, he is entitled to rank with Thackeray and Scott for his genius in getting into the skin of his period. In that important respect, *Ballantrae* is entitled to stand beside *Esmond* or any named Waverley novel, at any rate until the scene changed from Scotland to America. And *Weir* is by his essays and his philosophy. No doubt *Virginibus puerisque* in days gone by was too often the housemaster's leaving-book, just as Kipling's "If" was too often the schoolmaster's shaving companion. But if it is true, as so many critics argue, that everything which he wrote revealed R.L.S. first and foremost, there must have been something solid behind his "facile" or "drawing-room" philosophy.

Many a man enjoying good health, himself in need of a philosophy and of comfort, has in his time taken his needs from Stevenson, whose short life was one long struggle with sickness and death, and a losing battle all the time.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A CHILD, AS A YOUNG MAN, AND IN MIDDLE AGE: *Above, on left*—R.L.S. at the age of four. *Above, in centre*—At the age of twenty-seven. *Above, on right*—A familiar portrait belonging to a later period. Stevenson died in 1894 at the age of forty-four. He was born on November 13, 1850, at Howend Place, Edinburgh.

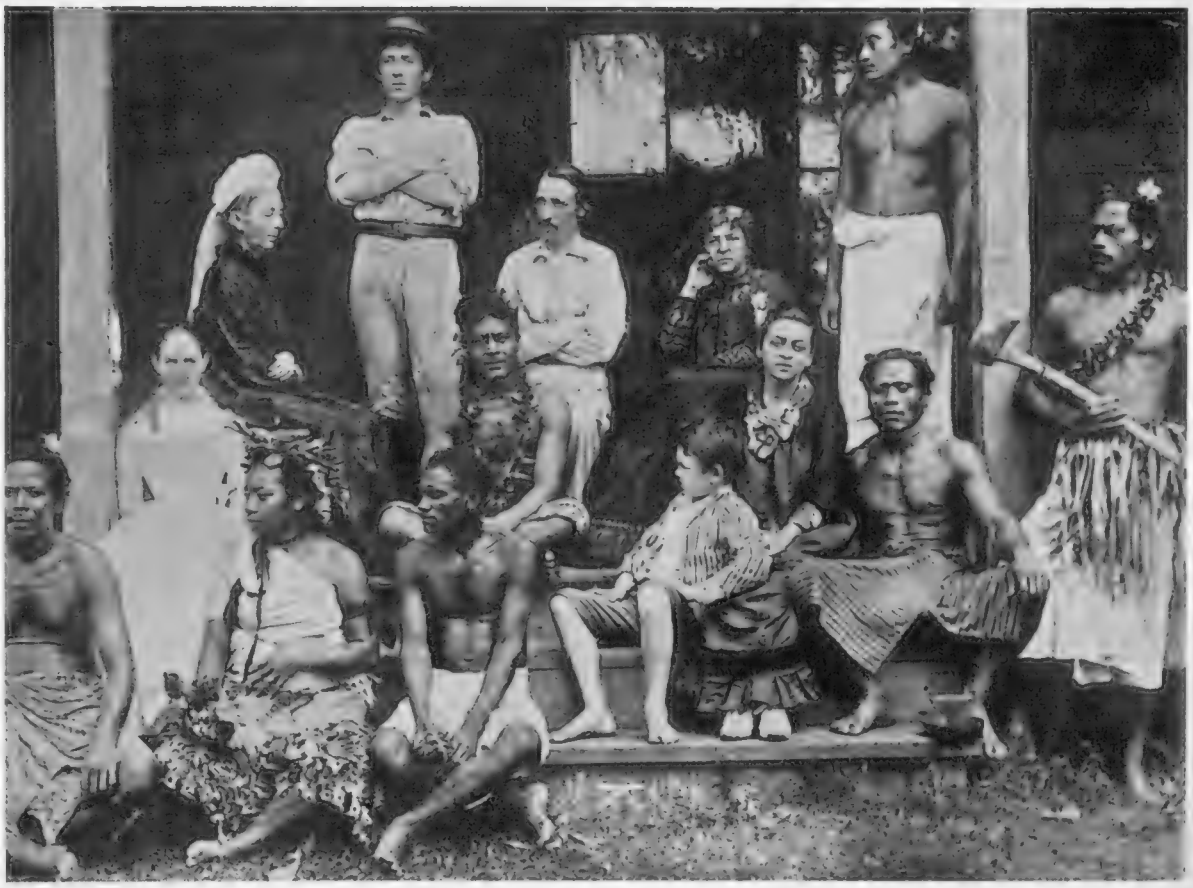
Infinite Pains and Courage.—If Stevenson revealed himself in every one of his sententious and studied sentences, he surely revealed a man with *guts*. And every sentence was a jewel five words (or more) long. I wonder how many men of the trade of letters among my contemporaries first discovered from R.L.S. the surprising truth that English words properly arranged and chosen can be (and shall be) *music*. Just as that movement in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (of which Stevenson made use in *The Ebb Tide*) is music. Still after half a century they ring true and new as great music. They are no jingles. He was an inspired composer and teacher. Like Trollope, he did something to undermine his own reputation by his candour. That "sedulous ape" did him no service and has not even now been forgotten.

But he was not the only great writer who thought no trouble too much and no method too oblique for the perfection of his style, and it were unjust to decry him in every sentence a child of infinite promise which perhaps the exigences of the plot would have doomed to ultimate failure.

Yet Stevenson was not usually a master-drawer of character. His boy heroes are too often bumptious chumps, putting their heads maddeningly into patent hornet-nests. Jim, David and St. Ives are all too often intolerably irritating. His women—save the three in *Weir*—are lay figures, and he was no great hand at a love-scene. He shone with men of action and dry-as-dust lawyers. The Master, Silver, Alan, Huish stand out as masterpieces. Robbie and Utterson and MacKellar (it was left to the B.B.C. to reveal the greatness of MacKellar as a vehicle and a man), and Hermiston and Glen Almond could not be bettered.

I think meanly of the man who in maturity scorns "the base degrees by which he did ascend" and decries a hero of his youth to total recantation. I will not conceal how much I was moved, comforted and indeed instructed for his industry and his devotion to his craft. At any rate, in his drawing-room philosophy, he practised what he preached. He not only urged youth to "go to the head of the march and sound the heady drum." He was there himself, crippled as he was. He "made others happy" every day of his life in his sick-room, and few writers have bequeathed so much pleasure to so large a list of beneficiaries. Like almost all the great masters, he had his lapses. He wrote some inferior books, but his worst books were written with infinite pains for their style. And when he was good, he was as good as the best.

I am not (thank God) a literary critic. Even if I were, I should think twice before I soft-pedalled R.L.S. or looked down my nose at a man and writer of the heroic mould.



VAILIMA DAYS—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AND SERVANTS ON THE VERANDA OF THEIR ISLAND HOME IN SAMOA: Stevenson is seated, with his aged mother on his right hand and his wife Fanny on his left hand. Lloyd Osbourne is standing, with arms folded, in the background. Although Stevenson's Pacific experiences inspired him to much new work, notably *Sophia Scarlet*, a novel of planters' life in the South Seas, he never forgot the memories and associations of Scotland, and it was at Vailima that he wrote *Weir of Hermiston*, that tragic story of the Scottish border, in which the chief character was founded on that of the famous judge, Lord Braxfield. Stevenson died in Samoa in 1894.

Below—

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS WIFE IN THE LIBRARY AT VAILIMA: The drawing epitomises the devotion of Mrs. Stevenson. Her part in Stevenson's work has, however, been subject to criticism from time to time, and more than one critic has advanced the view that Stevenson's marriage ruined his health and his art. These criticisms have usually been countered with indignation.

IN JOHN BUNYAN'S TOWN—THE ANCIENT MOOT HALL AT ELSTOW WHICH, WITH THE GREEN ON WHICH IT STANDS, HAS BEEN GIVEN BY MAJOR SIMON WHITBREAD TO THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL AS A CONTRIBUTION TO BEDFORDSHIRE'S FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN PROGRAMME: The County Council has voted £3,500 to restore the building, the roof of which has been subject to increasing decay.

Securing the Future of
ELSTOW'S MOOT HALL

A FESTIVAL-YEAR GIFT TO BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

In April 1949 it became generally known that Elstow's famous Moot Hall was in serious danger, and it was urged that a public subscription be raised to save the roof from decay. It was estimated that £3,500 was needed to renovate the roof alone. Now, with the arrival of Festival year, and as a contribution to Bedfordshire's Festival of Britain programme, Major Simon Whitbread has presented the Moot Hall and Elstow Green to the Bedfordshire County Council, and that body has voted adequate money for repairs. This is good news indeed for those who cherish the immortal memory of Bunyan, for it was at the Moot Hall that the great man preached so many of his inspired sermons. Bunyan, although described as a tinker, was no vagrant. He was born at Elstow, a little more than a mile south of the town of Bedford, and he worked there as a young man in his father's forge and workshop. Both his blind child Mary and his second daughter Elizabeth were born at Elstow, and it was not until 1655 that he moved to Bedford. He was then twenty-seven years of age. Major Simon Whitbread is the descendant of a Whitbread who was a fellow member with Bunyan of the Independent Church at Bedford. Ever since then the Whitbreads have been interested in all that concerns Bunyan, and it was the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread who gave £12,000 for the restoration of Elstow's early Norman church.

THE MOOT HALL, IN BUNYAN'S DAY THE CENTRE OF VILLAGE LIFE; A FINE EXAMPLE OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: This is another view of Elstow's Moot Hall, now the property of Bedfordshire County Council. Bunyan is reputed to have based his "Vanity Fair" episode of *The Pilgrim's Progress* on happenings there. In Bunyan's childhood the village life to a large extent centred round the Moot Hall. To-day the visitor can still see the doorways (now bricked up) of a range of little shops which once occupied the lower part of the Moot Hall.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SOME VARIED, RURAL EXCURSIONS

Selections from Beach Thomas and from A. G. Street; Miss Rider Haggard's "A Country Scrap-Book"

FOR a great many of us, one of the joys of Sunday morning is reading a particular half-column of graceful prose and quotation in which observation and comment are blended into an admirable whole. The subject is the country and the author Sir William Beach Thomas. Now Mr. J. C. Trewin has had the excellent idea of making selections from these writings and arranging them under the headings of months in an inspired kind of almanac. The result, A YEAR IN THE COUNTRY (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), is a book to buy and cherish, not only for the text, which is a constant delight (and a constant source of education, if that word did not strike an un-Christmaslike note), but for the decorations which Mr. Philip Gough has added, and which have an eighteenth-century elegance well suited to the matter.

IN HIS OWN COUNTRY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is another selection, this time from the writings of Mr. A. G. Street, who has been described as farmer first and writer second; a condition which does not prevent him from writing readably, and, of course, knowledgeably, about more practical aspects of country life. Mr. Street, however, is also a master of the timely digression, especially when it points up the subject in hand, and so we read of Pamela and her ambition for an "Archangel Gabriel in pony shape at a reasonable price," and Kipling and his uncanny knowledge of rural matters. The drawings by Mr. Lionel Edwards which illustrate the book have caught its sturdy spirit with taste and imagination.

Another aspect of life in the country is shown in Mr. B. L. Kearley's LET 'S GO HUNTING (Benn. 12s. 6d.), which is graced (if the pun is forgivable) with a foreword by the Duke of Beaufort, himself a distinguished M.F.H. and in complete agreement with the author's approach to his subject. Mr. Kearley is an expert indeed, and writes as such, in a pleasantly discursive style which holds the interest even of those whose riding has been confined to merry-go-rounds. This time the illustrations are by Mr. Graham Smith.

POINT-TO-POINT RACING (Witherby. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. D. W. E. Brock, contains a good deal of specialised information which should be extremely useful to anyone wishing to organise one of these cheerful country meetings, but it has something to say, too, to the person who merely attends the event, sitting on the roof of a car to see the distant jumps, avoiding bets with rubber-shoed bookmakers and munching sandwiches with the appreciation due to a meal by Brillat-Savarin. The action photographs, by the way, are not only exciting but, with Mr. Brock's captions, most helpful to the enterprising rider.

Not only rural happenings and seasons are recorded in Miss Lilias Rider Haggard's new volume, A COUNTRY SCRAP-BOOK (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), but such by-paths as the exploration of family photograph albums (I wish we could have seen reproductions from some of these), and discussions on the Brontës at Haworth Parsonage. It is a delightful book, with a poetic quality enhanced by Mr. Wilfred Pettitt's drawings of Norfolk scenes.

AN ENGLISH ALMANAC (Dent. 15s.) is the ambitious work of Mr. Miles Hadfield, who has not only assembled appropriate quotations and annotated the seasons with his own charming and unpretentious text, but has illustrated the book himself, too. The author describes the almanac as an introduction to the English Year, its calendar, traditions, anniversaries and events, but if this should appear too overwhelming a programme to the reader, he may be comforted to know that Mr. Hadfield also has a pretty touch with light relief, and so we read of Madame Girardelli, the Fireproof Lady of 1814, and of the scandal caused in 1723 when one of His Majesty's officers was seen publicly drinking tea.

Recommended without reservation is A CALENDAR OF COUNTRY RECEIPTS (Faber and Faber. 16s.), which is immensely practical, as readers of Miss Nell Heaton's previous books would expect, pretty to look at, being illustrated delightfully by Mr. Leonard Huskinson, and a store of information not only about food, but about country wines, flowers and jobs to do in the garden. This is a book that even town-dwellers should keep by them, for in its pages is the very smell and taste of good country living.

When Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald set out to walk along by the Avon, the Hampshire one, from its little

A VETERAN PHILOSOPHER LOOKS OUT ON THE WORLD AS IT PASSES THE HALF-CENTURY: Eighty-seven-year-old George Santayana in his room at the Convent of the Little Company of Mary in Rome, where he has lived for the last nine years. Mr. Santayana views the future with serenity. He is not worried by the Communist threat because, he says, the Communists will eventually be swallowed up by Western thought. Santayana never leaves his convent, but he is a prodigious reader and keeps close touch with the march of events.

beginnings to its end near Mudeford, he discovered that not even the Ordnance Survey people knew exactly where its source was, since, as they pointed out, there are two branches to the river, and further, that these two branches branch, and that therefore the actual source might be any one of a number of streams. Nevertheless, and as one might have assumed from a reader's experience of him, Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald was undaunted, and on foot, and generally sleeping out, traced the charming little-known stream for most of its length. THE HAMPSHIRE AVON (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is the result of his exploit, and is as charmingly discursive, on farming, on poetry and on parish churches, as the best country books always are.

TIDE'S ENDING (Hollis and Carter. 25s.) is, above all, a book for the wildfowler and the bird-watcher, for it deals, in the inimitable style of "B.B." with tideways, saltings and creeks where "curlews call from the dim sea wall," and where the wild geese fly over. The illustrations, many of them in colour, are as remarkable as the text, and that, as I hope you will find, is a high compliment.

Mr. John Buxton and Mr. R. M. Lockley are the editors of an interesting survey of the natural history of a small island off the coast of Pembrokeshire. ISLAND OF SKOMER (Staples. 18s.) may be primarily for the accomplished or earnest naturalist, but it has an appeal, too, to anyone who is interested either in pioneer work, or in the fascinating discoveries that may be made about so small a creature as the vole. And the photographs of baby seals are, of course, irresistible.

It is claimed for Dr. H. B. McCaskie's book, THE GUILELESS TROUT (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.), that the smoking-rooms of fishing inns should be brighter and noisier for its appearance, and there is doubtless much truth in this, for the intrepid doctor puts forward among his theories that the trout is a creature of a very low intelligence. This, as the least piscatorial among us can see, is an observation apt to prove galling to those fishermen whose evenings are spent in telling of their battles with these royally cunning fish, and of how they outwitted them by their superior tactics. What credit now in scoring off a creature that may even be described as plain stupid?

CAMPING BY WATER (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is a practical handbook and of a sensible size that can be slipped into a pocket for quick reference. It has been edited by Noel Carrington and Patricia Cavendish, and has a foreword by Peter Scott, who writes of our inland waterways, and the wonderful and remote countryside that may be seen from them.

Although the great majority of books I have mentioned this week deal, idyllically or prosaically, with country matters, there are two others of as different themes as can well be, that are worthy of notice. The first of these is THE MEDICI (Gollancz. 15s.), a scholarly and an intensely interesting history of the family which, with Cosimo de Medici, seized power in Florence in 1434, and held it until 1537, when Cosimo's last direct heir was murdered. Dr. Ferdinand Schevill writes not only of this dynasty, however; he writes also of the tradition of democracy which somehow survived their tyranny through a hundred years, and it is this, as well as the writer's fine lucidity, that makes the book notable.

The other book that I recommend to your notice is A SECOND TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LETTERS (Heinemann. 21s.), which I think you will find both rewarding and stimulating. Here, under the editorship of Mr. Wallace Brockway and Mr. Bart Keith Winer, and with their explanatory comments, you will find such precious things as love-letters that passed between the Carlyles, messages from Queen Anne to the Duchess of Marlborough, letters between Cæsar and Cicero in which Cicero, trembling for his life, still wrote: "Cæsar must be very fond of me," an indignant epistle from Madame de Pompadour to the Pope assuring him that she is now a good woman, and a letter from Napoleon to the Prince Regent asking for sanctuary after Waterloo. This is really an amazing collection, rich in wit, in pathos and in inspiration.

THE DOCTOR WHO "KILLED" QUEEN ANNE!

Bishop Hone on Dr. John Radcliffe

That flamboyant character Dr. John Radcliffe, well known by name to generations of Oxford men by reason of the benefactions of his Trustees to the university city, has been neglected by the biographer, and, in fact, there has been no complete life of the doctor since the short work published by Pittis in 1715, immediately after Radcliffe's death. Bishop Campbell Hone, sometime Bishop of Wakefield (Radcliffe's birthplace), has now attempted a reliable life of DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE (Faber and Faber. 15s.), making good wherever possible the inaccuracies of Pittis and adding a little new information culled from letters in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum. The final result of all these researches is still tantalisingly inadequate, for there is so much more we would like to know about the good doctor who from such humble beginnings, as the son of the Governor of the Wakefield House of Correction, rose to be one of the leading physicians in London, the very Æsculapius of his age. Radcliffe was a plain speaker, a man of robust and independent character, and there is no doubt that his racy conversation was a great attraction to many of his male patients, the hard-drinking "quality," some of them Jacobite peers, who flocked to him for treatment and were more often than not told to keep their windows open and not to drink so much. As for the women, although Radcliffe was by no means immune to their charms, he thought there should be an Act of Parliament making it obligatory for them to be attended by nurses. Radcliffe had a prodigious income, £7,000 a year it was reckoned, and he invested most of it in real estate. Several of his contemporaries were even bigger money-earners, notably Francis Willis, who for inoculating Catherine II of Russia and her son received a fee of £12,000 and an annual pension of £500. Radcliffe himself attended William III, and the last months of his life were sadly clouded by the unfair attacks made upon him because of his refusal when he was ill to attend Queen Anne on her death-bed. He was actually accused of causing the Queen's death, even though she had five other physicians, and a resolution was carried in the Commons summoning Radcliffe to attend and receive censure. The doctor died on November 1, 1714, "the victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world, and the fury of the gout."

Unlike Bishop Hone, Bernard Falk has a wealth of material for his latest biographical effort, THE ROYAL FITZ ROYS (Hutchinson. 21s.). This is the piquant story of the Dukes of Grafton through four centuries, starting with that Henry Fitz Roy, one of the several sons allegedly born to Charles II by one of his several mistresses, the Lady Castlemaine. They were most of them three-bottle men, these Fitz Roys, drunken rakes, some with redeeming features, some without. In the latter category was the scapegrace George, Earl of Euston, who by his fantastic brutality drove to her doom his bride, the angelic Lady Dorothy Boyle, and, over a matter of 3s. 6d. rent, drove to suicide one of his father's Northamptonshire tenants. The first Duke of Grafton, for thirty-three years Lord Chamberlain, was a great courtier and a man of no little political acumen. Augustus Henry, the third Duke, made immortal by the merciless invective of Junius, that master of slanderous polemic, was Prime Minister in succession to Chatham, but will always be remembered best for his public flaunting of his mistress, the adorable Nancy Parsons. Mr. Falk's agreeably racy style accords well with the tales he has to tell of the heyday of privilege, when nobility had but to bring a modicum of talent to bear in order to hold the highest positions in the land.

History pitched in a minor, and certainly quieter, key is provided by H. Warner Allen in his book NUMBER THREE SAINT JAMES'S STREET (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). This is the story of Berry's, the wine merchants, from the earliest days of the Pickering foundation to modern times. Mr. Allen writes well, and has had more than a passing connection with the most genial of trades.

Allanah Harper, who was born in Brighton in 1904, who was educated in France and founded and edited the literary quarterly *Echanges*, has in ALL TRIVIAL FOND RECORDS (Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.) produced a very charming book of her youthful reminiscences of her life in Europe, Africa and the Far East. The book has already had a considerable success in America, where the author now lives.

For meritorious book production, good typography, attractive binding and fine printing, the Reynard Library, presenting liberal selections from the works of great writers, has won a place of its own in post-war publishing. Latest additions are STERNE, edited by Douglas Grant, and BROWNING, selected by Simon Nowell-Smith (both published by Rupert Hart Davis at 21s.). A new addition to The Muses Library is SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN CLARE (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.).

THE SHAPE OF SHIPS (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) has been written and illustrated by William McDowell, and is the story of the development of ships from the earliest time to the present day.

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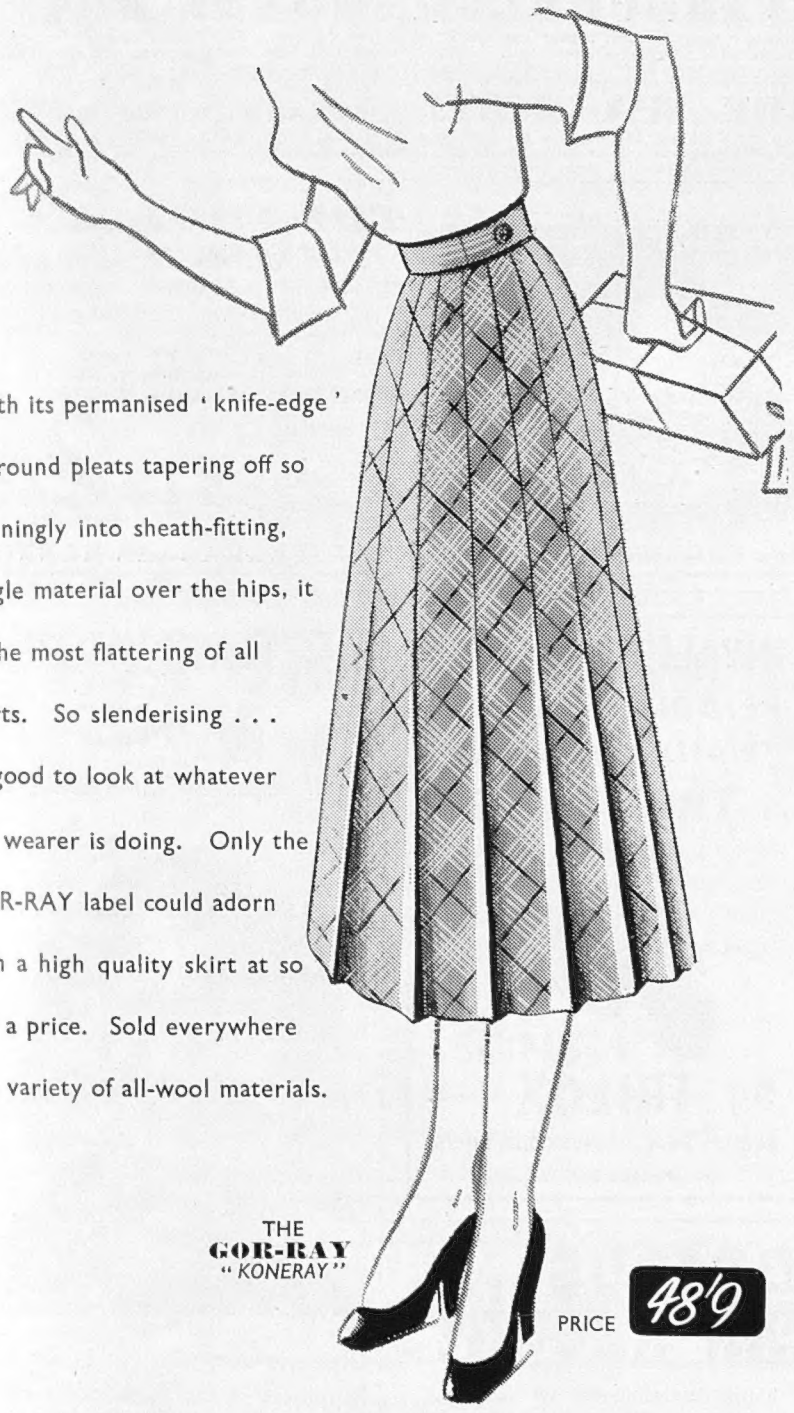

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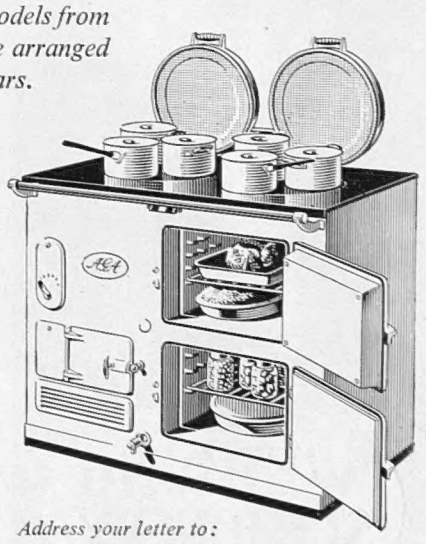

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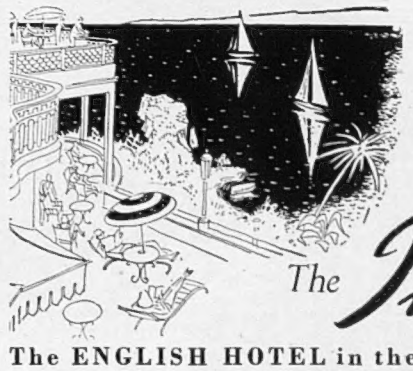

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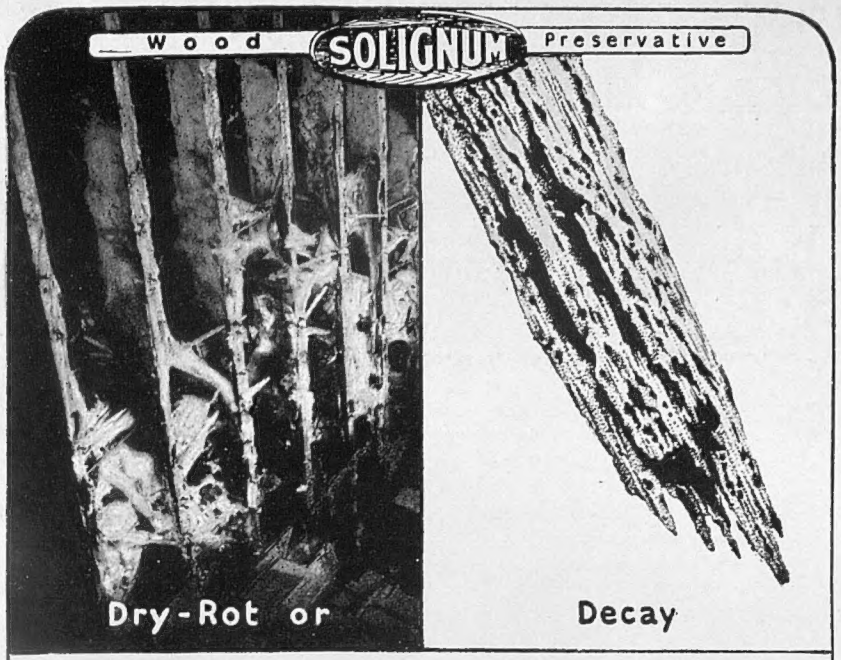

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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *Thomas Dun*

'He swam for his life . . . but was finally overcome'

Thomas Dun, murderer and highwayman, caused travellers to fear the road between St. Albans, Dunstable and Towcester. For over twenty years he was successful in his wicked life, but one day when he happened to be alone he was set upon by a large number of country people armed with clubs, forks and rakes. They chased him until he reached a river, where he disrobed, and, taking his sword between his teeth, swam for his life. But the people took to boats and belaboured him with their oars. In spite of his great courage, he was finally overcome and tried and convicted at Bedford. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

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